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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXXXV No. 2419 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JUNE 1 1946

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My goodness—

Where's the GUINNESS?

G.E.1250.A

Volume CLXXXV No. 2419 The SPHERE, London, June 1, 1945

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

QUEEN MARY ENTERS ON HER EIGHTIETH YEAR—LEAVING WESTMINSTER ABBEY AFTER ATTENDING MORNING SERVICE ON HER SEVENTY-NINTH BIRTHDAY: The Queen Mother seen with Canon A. C. Don, the new Dean of Westminster

Queen Mary was born at Kensington Palace on May 26, 1867, the eldest child and only daughter of the Duke of Teck and a great-granddaughter of George III. On Sunday last the Queen Mother celebrated her seventy-ninth birthday, and in the morning she attended divine service at Westminster Abbey, accompanied by the Princess Royal, Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone (Queen Mary's brother). On leaving for Marlborough House after the service she was cheered by a crowd of several hundred people. Later in the day Queen Mary drove to Windsor to take tea with the King and Queen and the two Princesses, while throughout Saturday and Sunday telegrams of congratulation poured into Marlborough House. A special message of congratulation on behalf of the citizens of London was sent by the Lord Mayor, Sir Charles Davis

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1

June 8.—I have kept silence even from good words on this contentious subject of the Peace or Victory March. I have read the heady *pros* and the headier *cons* in the Press, and heard them in trains and buses and clubs. The whole history of this fixture is an example of the evils of *Government-at-high-pressure*. When you have a Government preoccupied with drafting and passing major bill after bill vitally affecting the Constitution and institutions of a country, there is never one man available to give to any one subject the close and careful attention it deserves, be it trivial or vital. And so it was that this Victory March, from start to finish, has been bungled and mishandled and misunderstood. The first failure to make clear its prime *intention* has never been made good, and thus the nation comes to it a *divided* nation. And a still muddled nation, for the gaffes which have dogged the fixture have not been confined to the Government. Local authorities had jumped this way and that. The fog of uncertainty has enveloped the most highly educated. Schoolmasters, even of the leading public schools, are all at variance on policy and some have made decisions concerning leave for the boys, so madly illogical and unfair as to bring furious criticism from parents on the school authorities. In short, the curse of muddled thinking has fallen on a national fixture which should have been carefully thought out, so as to reinspire and reunite our nation in tribute to the millions who did the dirty parts of the job in uniform or overalls. Myself, I wish the day well. I think it may yet be a success. But another time I hope the lesson and argument for careful preparation of such an occasion will be taken to heart.

"Bread and Circuses."—Later Roman Governments found it convenient and trouble-saving to provide in generous proportion food and recreation for an Empire which had begun to think politically for itself and no longer to accept as *vox Dei* the say-so of Emperors or directives from Rome. Modern Governments to-day would like to do the same. The policy is still trouble-saving. But economic conditions in Europe are such (and will remain such for some time) that provision of bread will not keep pace with provision of circuses. Thus we observe that touring football teams can travel freely while business men cannot, and that while more and more sports and recreations are sanctioned, planned and promised, continuing and even increasing cuts are felt in the nation's diet. Football is almost back to normal; Test matches are all arranged; county cricket, boat race, Wimbledon, racing, ballet, opera, even hunting, all are on the fixture-list for 1946 in almost pre-war guise. But there are to be no more dried eggs, no increase in fats and oils, no adequate meat ration. At the best, some day, Mr. Attlee promises to try to ring the changes on our austere and dreary paucity; not to increase, but merely to vary, our deadly, monotonous menu of leather and prunella. We must do the best we can with the circuses and forget the need of bread. We must tighten our belts as we queue up for the big top. The best which our Government can promise us is that circuses are an excellent substitute for bread. The Roman Emperors were luckier.

The Red Light for Mr. Attlee.—As a political prophet I seldom emerge. I know the dangers of that field of prophecy. The signal board which Mr. Attlee watches is still set at green. The red light is not even *working* yet on his board. A defeat in the Lords, a minor "revolt" in the Commons, some hard words in buses and shops, these don't yet change green to red—for Mr. Attlee. But, no Government lasts for ever. Few Governments *please* for long. Majorities gradually fade, because it is an impossible task to govern a congested, over-industrialised country in an era of want and post-war indiscipline and discontent. But it will not (I believe) be any of the dangers which Mr. Attlee *is* aware of, which will, sooner or later, bring his Government down. His red light is not even wired as yet. What in the end will finish him is trying to do too much, too quickly. One of the prime causes which brought him to power was a strong feeling in this country (as I have recently said) that the Conservatives in their years of power did too little, missed great opportunities for careful grand-scale planning and reforms long overdue. And that belief a majority still holds. What will soon or late bring them back (unless the Party commits harikiri) will be the Socialists' swing to the very extreme of the other Pole. They have no faith in the virtues of the "even mean," of moderation. In trying to do too much, in seeking to make a new Heaven out of an old Earth in a matter of months, they will fall into the inevitable pit that yawns for the over-busy. They will tie themselves up in knots and get themselves into an almighty administrative muddle.

CHURCH AND STATE CEREMONIAL IN EDINBURGH: Preceded by the Mace-bearer and by the Purse-bearer (Lieut.-Colonel Stevenson), Mr. George Mathers, M.P. for Linlithgow and Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, mounts the steps of the Assembly Hall, Edinburgh, to attend the opening of the annual Parliament of the Church. Prior to the start of the General Assembly, the most important event in the Scottish calendar, Mr. Mathers was present at the service in St. Giles Cathedral

A Question of Strategy.—It is good that so many new branches of Young Conservatives have been established since the late G.E.; good, too, that in the constituencies, even in those still represented by Conservatives, serious efforts are being made to bring the local and branch organisations up to date in personnel and in constructive propaganda. So long as Parliament works on a party basis, it is essential that, whatever Government be in power, there should exist a strongly-organised opposition which affords the chance of an alternative Government, if and when reaction sets in. All these groups and branches and organisations are, of course, fed with, and pass on to their supporters, suitable party propaganda and arguments, much of it supplied by the Party Headquarters, some by the local organisations. I have read some of the blurb, and (speaking not as a partisan, but as an observer) I would say that the time has not yet come for such propagandists to glorify the past achievements of the Conservatives and to denounce the failures of the two former Socialist administrations, nor to be too sweeping concerning the destructive aims and intentions of the present Government. If such time ever comes for that form of propaganda, it is not come yet. A mild reaction may already have set in, as inevitably it one day will. It is not yet important. Still to-day, I believe, a majority "has hopes" of the Labour Government; still to-day a majority views the Conservatives as a party which missed great opportunities for action and reform in the days of its plenary power. It is question of strategy. Myself I believe the policy of *boost* and *dénigrer* is at the moment bad propaganda for both sides. For the Conservatives, it uncovers the point more often than it gets a punch in. For the Socialists it is waste of time; actions will always speak louder than words.

Militarism.—A new "maxim of Napoleon" might well be coined: In war leave your armies to the chosen military leaders. In the transition to peace, see to it that civilian control and the civilian axe deal with the business of demilitarisation. When money is no object (as always in war) your chosen military leaders do their own job to admiration. But when the danger is over, the military mind is slower than the civilian to grasp the importance of retrenchment and to appreciate the ill-effects of adhering to war conditions and extending military requisitioning and occupation and all that goes with them for a day beyond what is necessary. We have in the past thirty years had signal proof that this maxim has its grain of sense. We have two or three current examples, topical enough. The military in Egypt, by clinging like limpets to their requisitioned premises in the heart of Cairo and Alexandria, precipitated a crisis which might otherwise have passed. In the occupied zone in Germany, a state of things (excusable in war) has been suffered to continue into the peace which is mulcting the taxpayer and encouraging the black market which it is every Government's prime object to obliterate. And it will be months and months before the efforts at last promised to cure this evil can take effect. And here in England there are many minor examples of the same dead hand of militarism lying heavy on the land.

Dollar Imports.—I never yet saw a film which did not bore or irritate me, and I do not go inside a cinema twice in a year. If the theme be a Hollywood interpretation of an English classic or of English history, the liberties which the hyphenated collaborators take with the text or with the truth (in order to fulfil their own conceptions of what a "story" should be) inspire me with murderous intentions. If it be the dreary, familiar setting of Wild West saloon bar or luxury flat, ending in the Sheriff's posse gallop across the Sierras or the limousine pursuit down Fifth Avenue, the iron of boredom enters my soul. It is for *such* imports, *such* luxury trash, that we must draw in our belts to pay in dollars, and educate our rising generation withal. The "newsreel" is another thing. The cinema can do that job very well; as it can amuse, without elevating, very young children. And the other day, finding myself in a Hampshire country town with an hour to spare before my bus started, I went into the cinema, in hopes of a newsreel, to kill time. It was a "Wild West" type that was showing, and it lacked none of the customary atrocities and crudities. And it was one of those films which children can see only if accompanied by adults. Judge, then, of my reactions when I found myself at the door being pestered and solicited by a queue of small boys to take them in under my wing so that they could satisfy the regulations. It needs no great imagination to realise the dangers implicit in this (to me) novel form of solicitation. This was England on a fine summer afternoon, in a Hampshire market town, the new Education Charter being on the Statute Book. Or is it the Dark Ages of Britain's serfdom and barbarism?

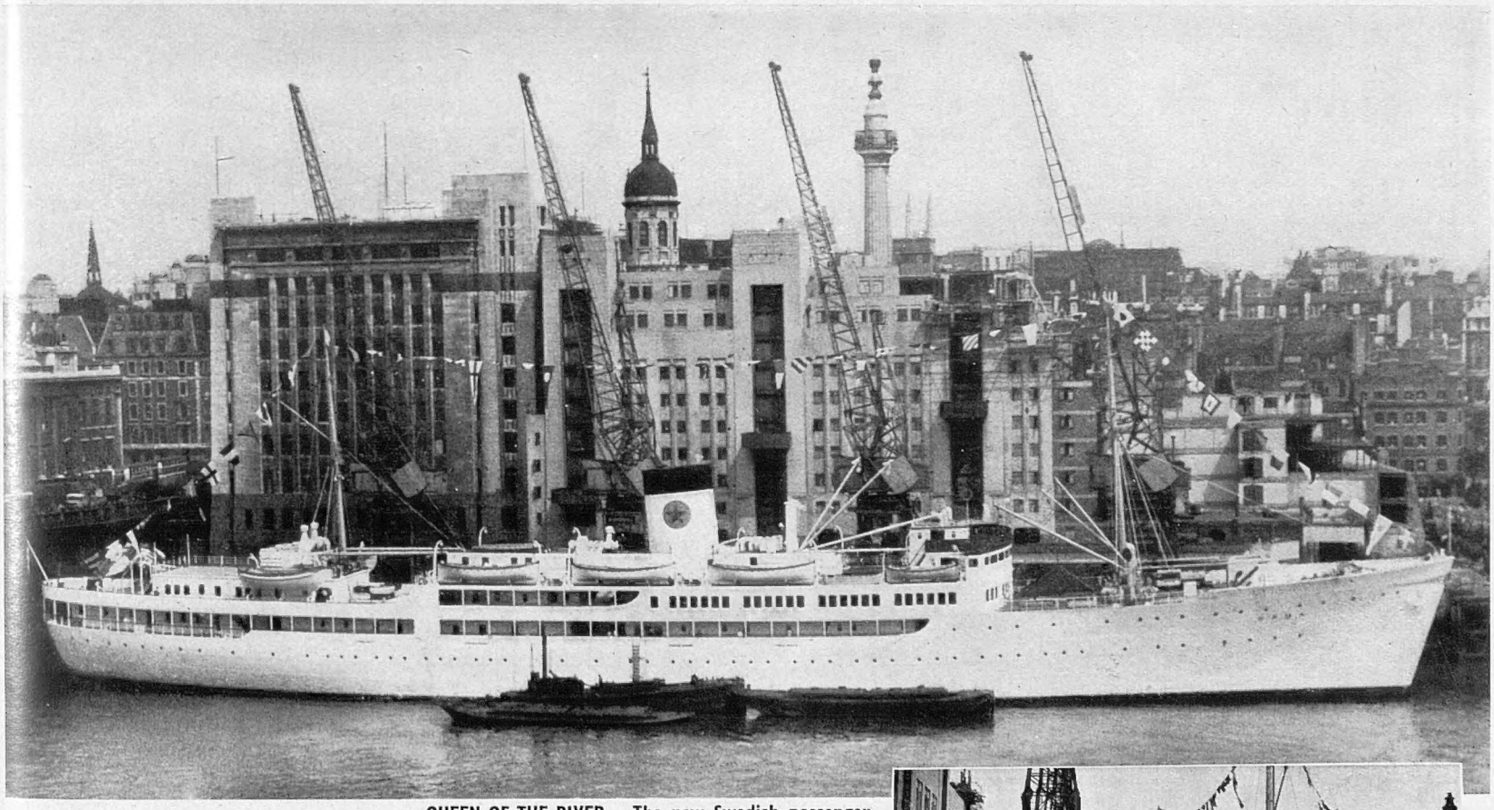
THE OLD STAGER

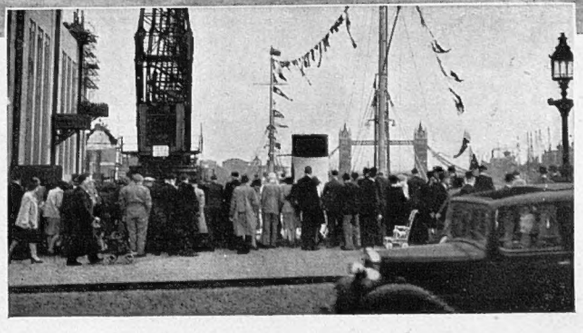
YOUTH DISPORTS ON THE VILLAGE GREEN : Dancing round the maypole and (*left*) marching in procession with the maypole through the old village of Elstow, in Bedfordshire, the birthplace of John Bunyan, where the annual May Festival was held last week. It also constituted the village's victory celebrations

VICTORY CELEBRATIONS IN BUNYAN'S VILLAGE

Maypole Dancing on the Green in Old Elstow, near Bedford

The little Bedfordshire village of Elstow, famed as the birthplace of John Bunyan, was *en fête* last week for its annual May Festival which this year was combined with the village's victory celebrations. During the day thirteen-year-old June Thompson, the newly-crowned Queen of the May, drove round the green in her flower-bedecked car and at the same time the other children of the village danced round the maypole, which they had previously carried in procession through the streets. In the background of the picture on the left is the celebrated Moot House, where the much-persecuted Bunyan preached so many of his inspired sermons



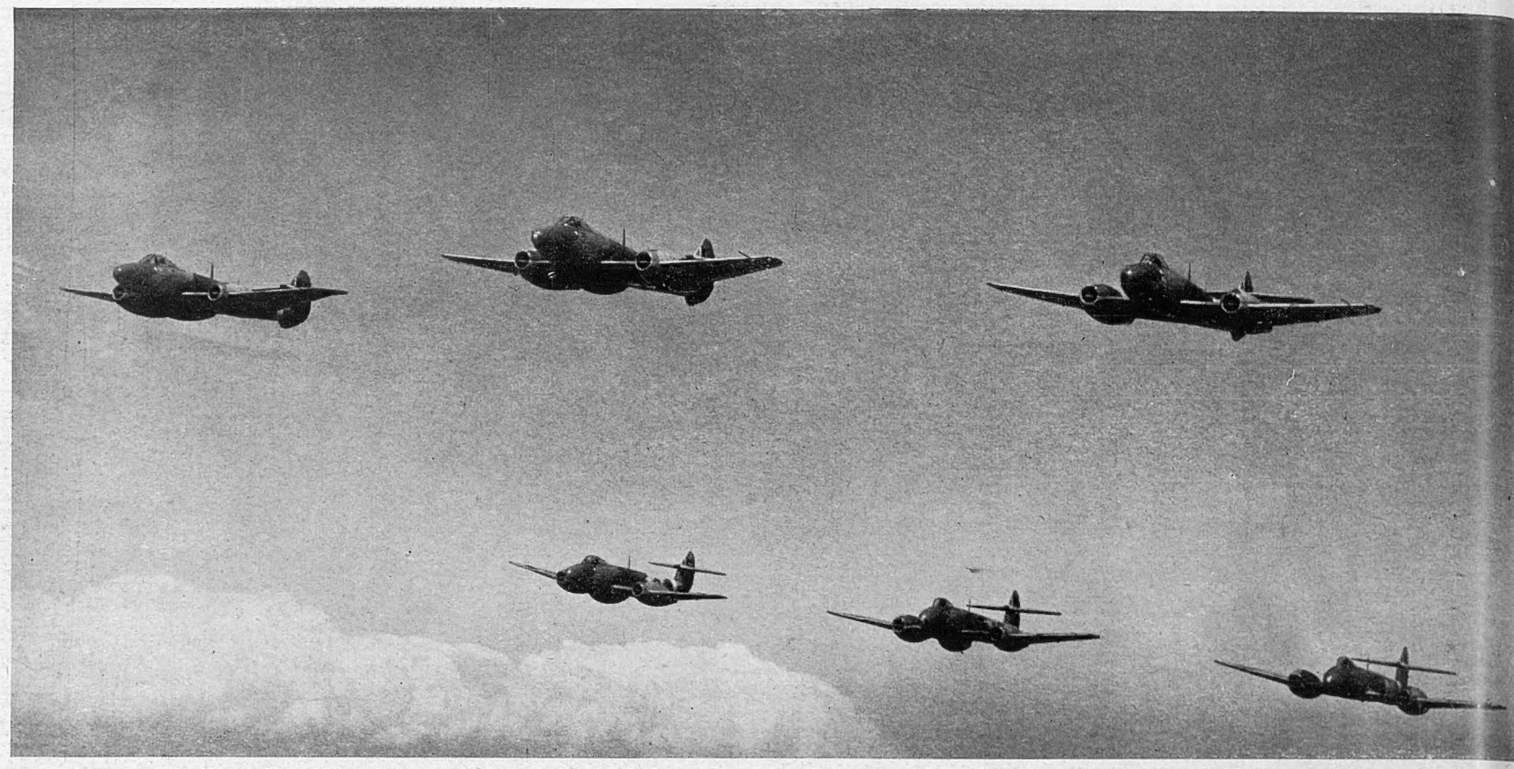


QUEEN OF THE RIVER : The new Swedish passenger motor-ship "Saga" at her berth near London Bridge on her first visit to the Thames. She is the largest vessel ever to come alongside this wharf, and has attracted much admiring attention among City workers. *On right*—Crowds lining London Bridge to gain a glimpse of the "Saga"

THE "SAGA" COMES TO LONDON

A New Swedish Motor-ship Berths at London Bridge

The *Saga*, which arrived in the Thames last week on her maiden voyage from Gothenburg, and has since returned to Sweden carrying the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Sweden as passengers, is the newest, largest, and fastest ship of the Svenska Lloyd fleet. Her visit to London Bridge, which aroused the greatest interest in the City, will not be repeated regularly, as in the middle of the month she will enter the service between Gothenburg and Tilbury. The *Saga* took thirty-five hours for the voyage from Gothenburg to London



PREPARING FOR THE V-DAY FLY-PAST: *Above and Below*—An R.A.F. Squadron of Jet Meteors practising formation flying in preparation for their part in the coming Victory celebrations. The flight will be made at 500 ft. over the Mall, and the "Jets" will dip as they reach the saluting base, half-way between the Admiralty Arch and Buckingham Palace. Over 300 planes will take part in the fly-past

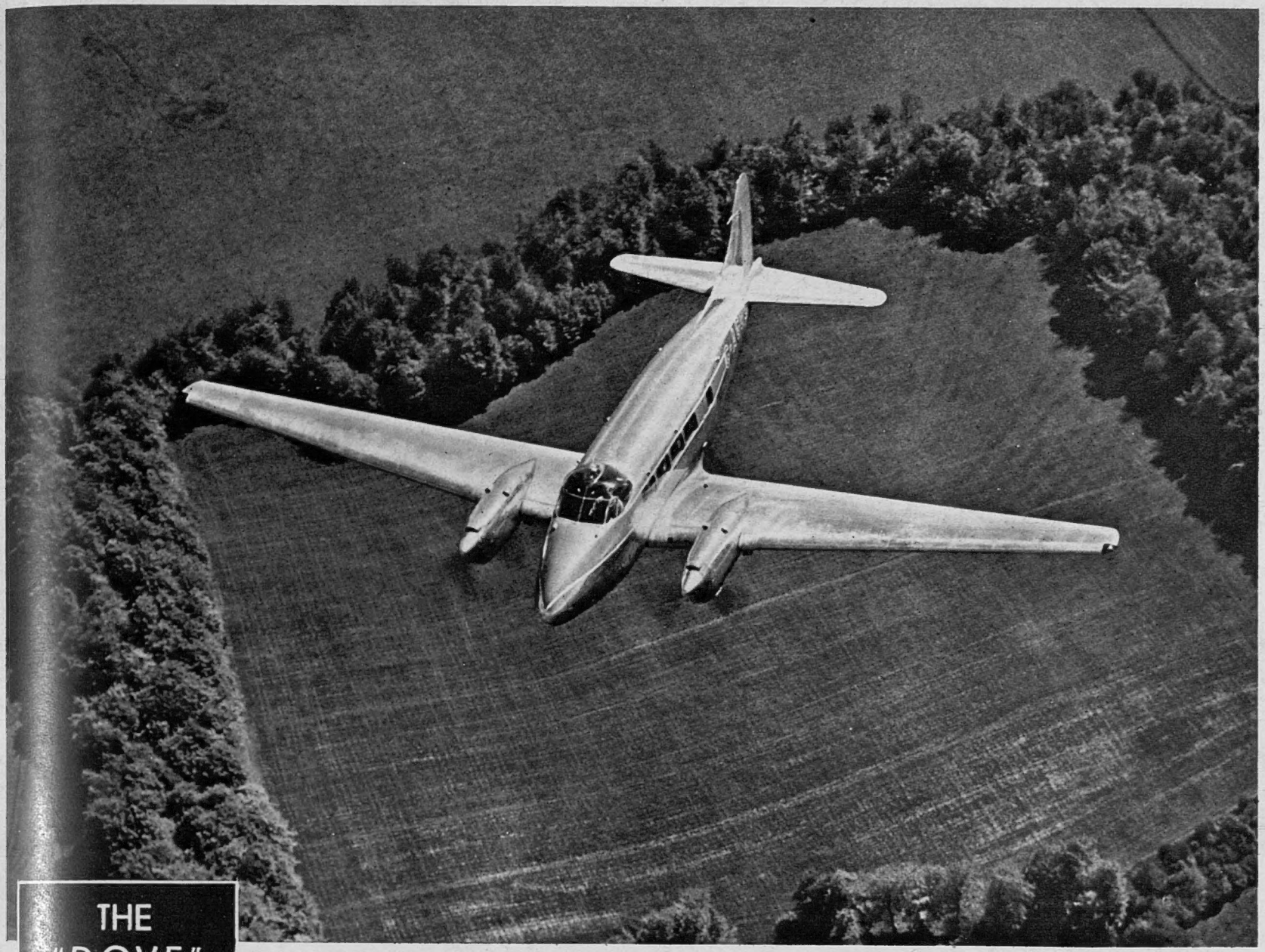
"JETS" IN FORMATION

Our Latest "Meteors" Practise for their Victory Day Flight over London

Of all the arrangements for Victory Day the organisation of the fly-past is possibly the most complicated, as, in addition to the Jet Meteors, thirty-two other R.A.F. squadrons will fly past the saluting base in the Mall, headed by a Hurricane flown by a Battle of Britain pilot. The fly-past will take place from 12.50 p.m. to 1.10 p.m. on June 8, squadron succeeding squadron at intervals of twenty seconds; and to co-ordinate this great aerial procession, with so many machines with differing speeds, will be no mean feat. As aids to navigation it has been decided to install sodium lights on police and railway stations at mile intervals from Fairlop to Admiralty Arch, and in this way it is hoped to bring each squadron along in correct order and time

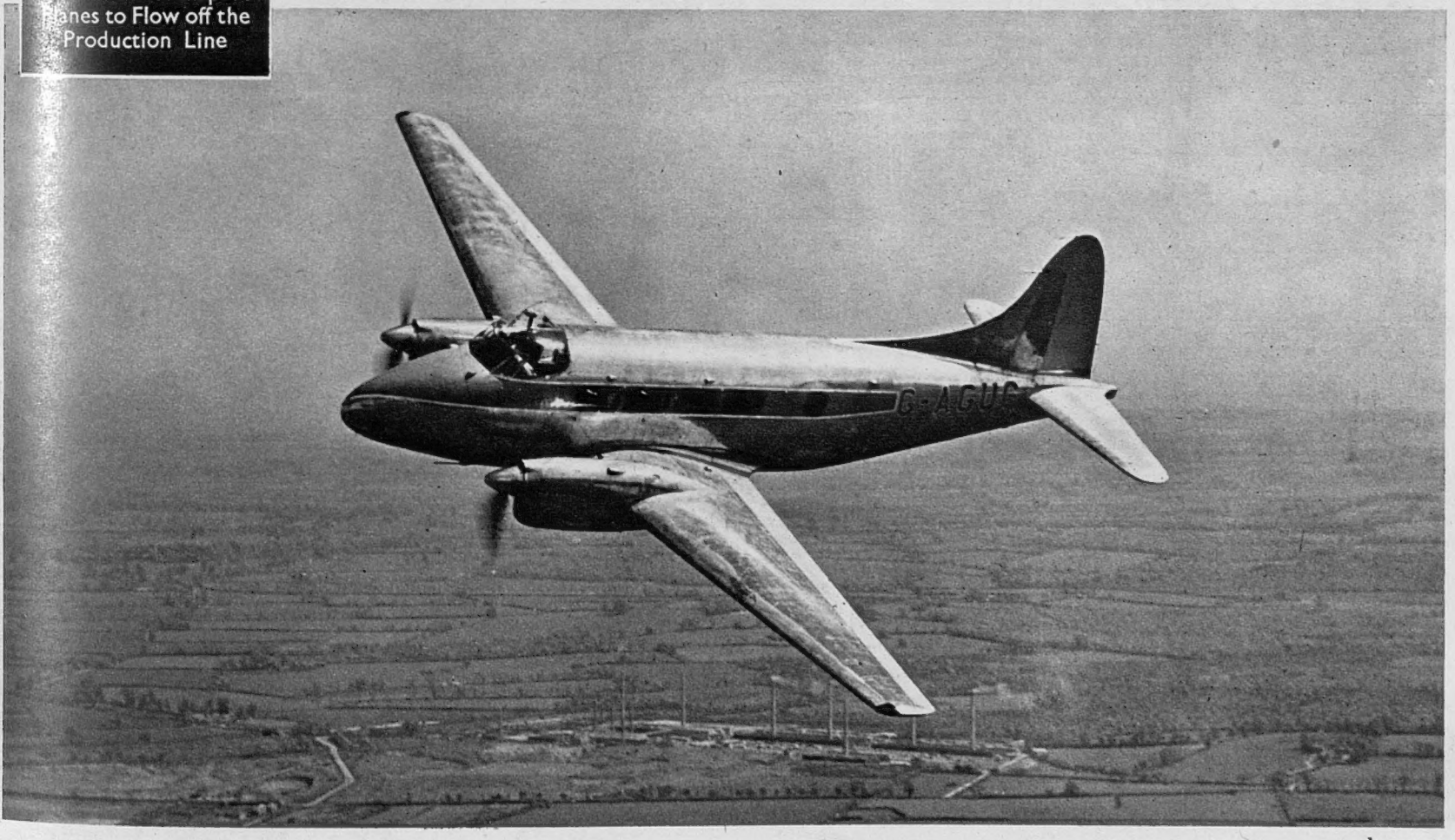
THE "DOVE" IS IN DEMAND

One of Britain's First Post-War Transport Planes to Flow off the Production Line



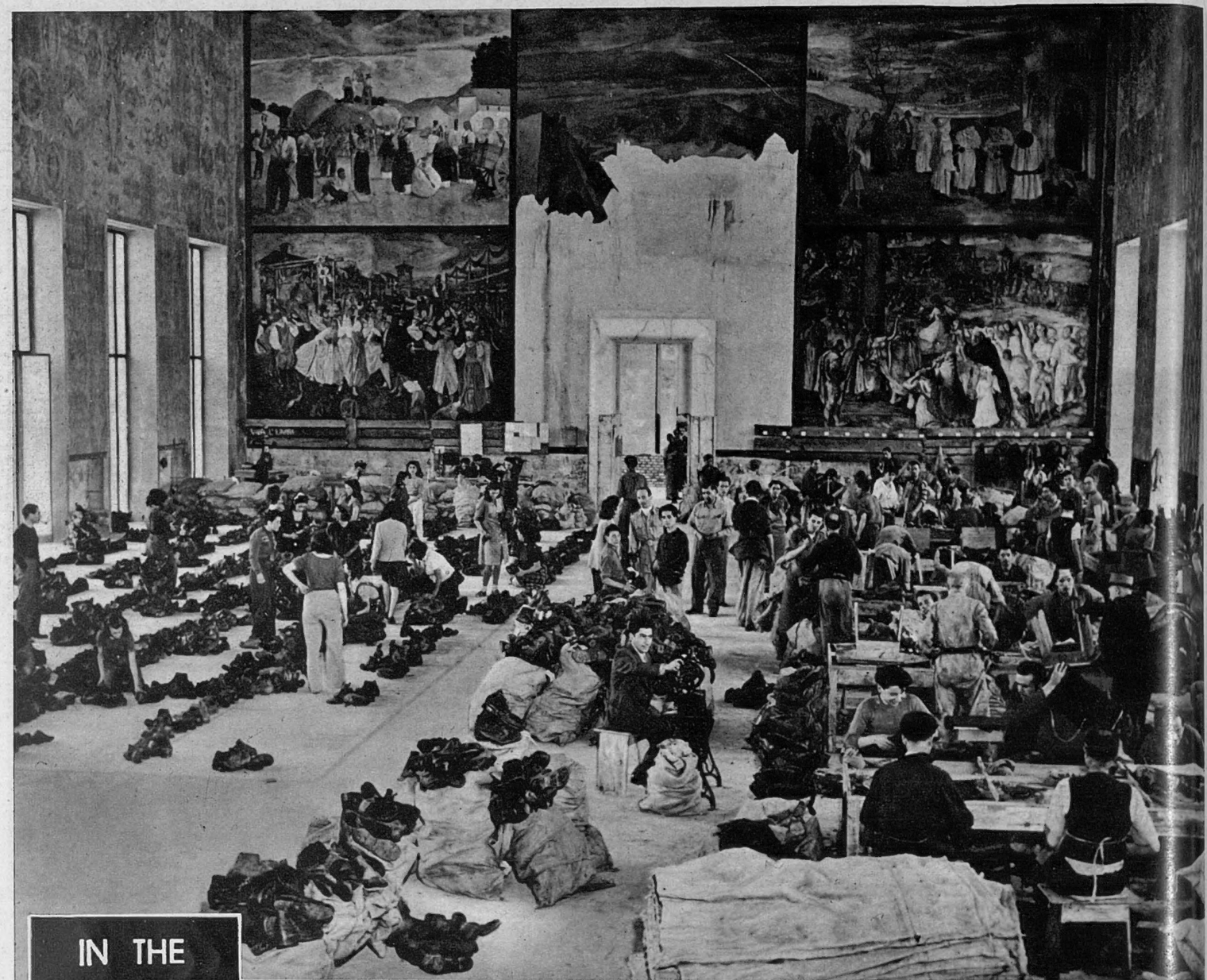
READY FOR HER WORLD-WIDE MISSION: *Above and Below*—**Two impressions of the aptly-named De Havilland Dove, one of the first of Britain's peacetime transport aircraft to be in full production following the completion of trials. Orders for the Dove have already come from fifteen countries, bringing at least a £2,000,000 contribution to Britain's export drive**

The De Havilland Dove, its trials complete and its specification finalised, is now beginning to flow off the production line, and already purchasers from fifteen countries have come forward to place orders for this £14,000 machine brought out by the De Havilland Company. The Dove is a light feeder-line aircraft incorporating many of the features normally associated with big air-liners, such as the tricycle undercarriage, which adds to the comfort of passengers while taxi-ing. There are large windows and extremely comfortable seating arrangements. The pilots' cockpit is well equipped and provides an excellent all-round view for the crew of two. Alternative seating arrangements provide for eight passengers with toilet, or up to eleven without. The cruising speed is 160 to 200 m.p.h. Economy is proved by the fact that the Dove covers 6 ton-miles per gallon of fuel



IN THE EX-ENEMY COUNTRIES

What Goes On In Germany, Italy, Austria and Japan in These Difficult Post-War Days



BOOTS BY THE THOUSAND—U.N.R.R.A. MAKES A BOLD ATTEMPT TO PROVIDE FOOTWEAR FOR ILL-SHOD EUROPE: A scene in the Science Hall of one of the buildings which was to have been used for the 1942 World's Fair in Rome, but which now constitutes a giant boot factory. Here boots discarded by the United States Army, many of them not in pairs, are sorted out, fitted with rubber soles and heels, and then distributed to the needy. So far 372,000 pairs have been made-up and issued, and the 150 repairers (most of them skilled men) have enough work on hand to last them until the end of the year. Rubber soles and heels are used, as this material is much more readily available than leather

THEY FLOAT THROUGH THE AIR: The Schwebebahn, or overhead railway, at Wuppertal, in the British Zone of Germany, escaped war damage and operates when power is available. The cars are suspended from a single rail

THE SCHWEBEBAHN HELPS TO SOLVE THE TRANSPORT PROBLEM IN WUPPERTAL: An overhead train leaving an overhead railway station, where it runs above the roadway and the canal system. The name Schwebebahn is derived from the German word "schweben," meaning "float" or "suspend." Elsewhere in the industrial cities of the Rhineland transport is almost at a standstill, and Wuppertal, in common with other areas, suffers from an intermittent electricity supply. The idea of the monorail is by no means new, and before the war it was tried out with some success at Milngavie, near Glasgow

HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN : Japanese war criminals encounter the simple life. The former Japanese Premier and War Lord, Tojo (second from right), having his dinner in company with co-defendants in an ante-room of the Tokyo court, where they have all been facing Allied charges. They are using the ordinary mess trays, knives and forks issued in the United States Army. In the background military police keep watch

THE PROGRESS OF DISARMAMENT IN CENTRAL EUROPE : A swift way of dealing with German ammunition. German prisoners dumping boxes of cartridges overboard in the Wörther See, Southern Austria, while the driver of the "duck" keeps an eye on the operation. Immense quantities of equipment fell into Allied hands, and its systematic destruction is a long job. Elsewhere engineer units are charged with the task of blowing up ammunition

TIMES HAVE CHANGED AT THE KRUMME LANKE : German fräuleins spend Sunday afternoon at a once-celebrated lakeside resort on the outskirts of Berlin. To-day they drink weak beer instead of wines and liqueurs, and male company is less plentiful than formerly

AN ATTEMPT TO REVIVE PAST DELIGHTS : Dancing in Bavarian costume at the Krumme Lanke, the lakeside resort at Zehlendorf, near Berlin, which was once a fashionable meeting-place on Sunday afternoons. To-day the Krumme Lanke is but a shadow of its former self, and customers can expect little more than a cup of ersatz coffee or a glass of weak beer. Most of the old beer-gardens in occupied Germany are still closed, and those breweries which are still operating must reserve their best brews for members of the Army of Occupation

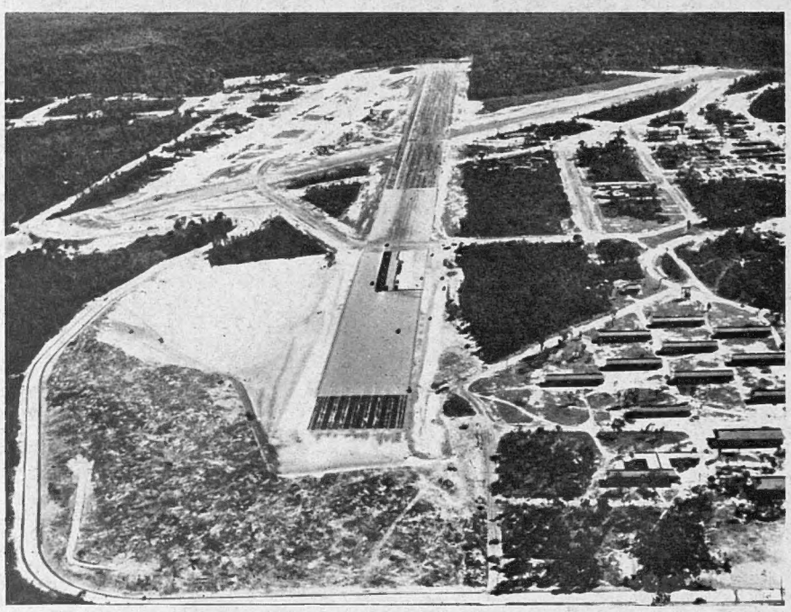
VIENNA SOLVES A VITAL PROBLEM WITH A MARKET THAT IS NOT BLACK : A gathering at the Boot and Shoe Exchange, which has been established by the Municipality. Many mothers bring their children's shoes to this market, and there is a constant flow of goods. No money is allowed to pass

WILL THEY OR WON'T THEY ? A young citizen of Vienna trying on a pair of shoes at the Municipal Boot and Shoe Exchange, an institution established in order to by-pass the Black Market. Vienna has more serious problems than this to tackle, particularly in the matter of food, but citizens feel that this exchange for footwear is a move in the right direction, and it is hoped that clothing and other articles of everyday requirement will in due course be put up for barter in the same way

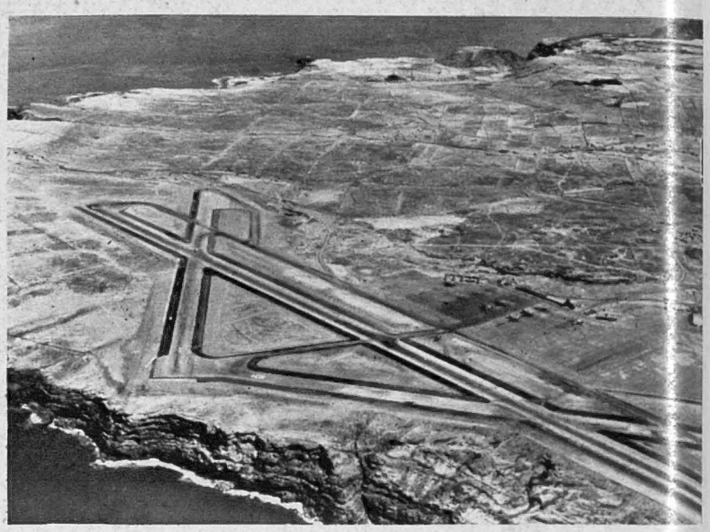
The Legacy of War
AMERICA'S GREAT ATLANTIC AIR BASES
AND THEIR FUTURE

How Will They Be Employed In the Years Ahead?

AN AMERICAN AIRFIELD IN THE BERMUDAS: An overhead view showing how the U.S. engineers built a landing-ground on the beaches and a narrow peninsula of sand, providing vital runways in the face of immense difficulties. These pictures of American bases on and around the Atlantic are the first to be released since the close of the war



CUT FROM THE VIRGIN FOREST: Atkinson Field, Georgetown, British Guiana, provides another example of an American airfield built on British colonial territory during the war years. To build the runways hundreds of acres of woodland had to be cut, and new roads were constructed



A HALF-WAY HOUSE ON THE NORTH ATLANTIC ROUTE: A U.S. airfield on Portuguese territory. This strip, with its three runways, was built on the cliffs on Santa Maria Island, in the Azores. Many a V.I.P. (very important person) landed at Santa Maria

AMID THE WASTES OF THE SOUTH ATLANTIC OCEAN—WIDEAWAKE FIELD, ASCENSION ISLAND, WHERE MANY PLANES TOUCHED DOWN EN ROUTE FROM AMERICA TO WEST AFRICA: Ascension, lying 800 miles to the north-west of St. Helena, has for many years been an important cable station. Its population of 300 rose spectacularly during the war years, but permanent hutments could not be provided for all in this lonely outpost, and the majority had to be satisfied with tents. Ascension has an area of less than forty square miles

ON THE OCEAN'S EDGE : The airfield at Stephensville, Newfoundland, with its three runways forming the letter A, was a hive of activity during the war, being a stopping-point for transport planes carrying men and material

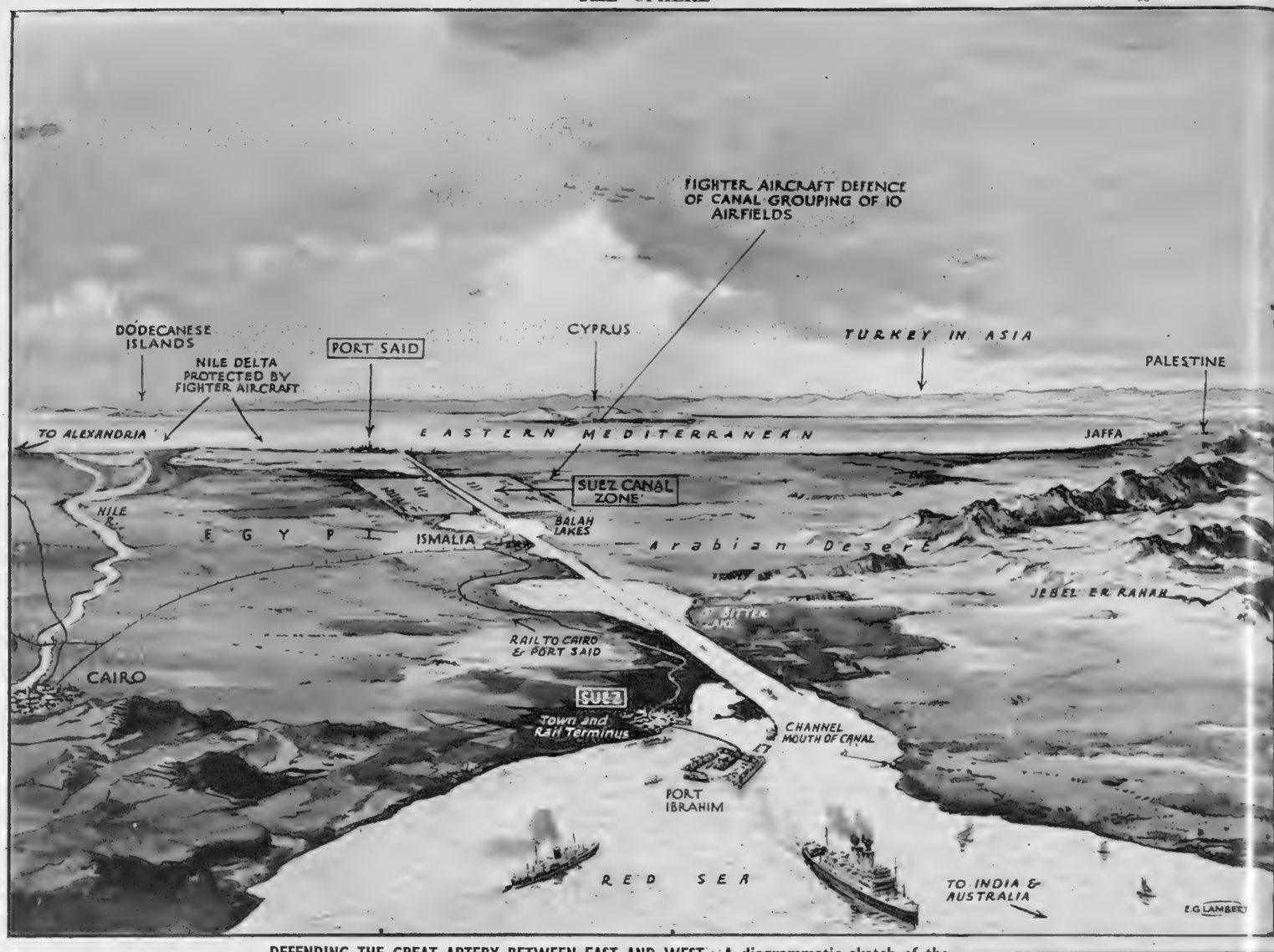
Once America came into the war she spared no expense in any department of her war effort, and in the creation of airfields on the route to Europe and Africa she excelled herself in the extent and the ingenuity of the measures adopted. From the Arctic to the Equator the United States built these aerial outposts, many of them on territory within Britain's colonial Empire, and to-day they form a remarkable legacy of the years of war. What the future of these airfields will be there is no knowing, but already questions about them have been asked in Congress, and there is no doubt that some of them would be of vital use to America as she expands her air-lines in the days of peace. For the same reasons their usefulness to Britain is no less certain, and they will undoubtedly form the subject of further debate, both in Congress and Parliament

BENEATH GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS : The B.W.1 Airport built in the glacial region near the Arctic Circle. The runways are precariously placed on a ledge of land between the foot of the mountains and the sea

WH[illegible] THE CARIBBEAN AND THE ATLANTIC MEET : The Borinquen Field at Puerto Rico, in the Greater [illegible]ntilles. The main runway leads down the centre of the picture, and to the right of it are three hangars, [illegible]rminal buildings and quarters for ground staff. In front of the hangars are concrete parking-places for planes

AN AIRPORT CARVED FROM THE ICY WASTES : The American landing-ground at Reykjavik, Iceland, for several war years a scene of intense activity when the Americans took the place of the British as the garrison force

AN AERIAL OUTPOST OF THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT : The United States airfield at Goose Bay, Labrador, was another important link on the Great Circle route between America and beleaguered Europe. In the foreground, and in front of the aerodrome perimeter, are the terminal buildings and the hutments of the ground staff, well camouflaged amid the pine trees. Other buildings, including hangars, can be seen in the distance on the left. Large quantities of vital supplies passed through Goose Bay to Europe, and it became known to many travellers



DEFENDING THE GREAT ARTERY BETWEEN EAST AND WEST: A diagrammatic sketch of the Suez Canal Zone, which has naturally figured largely in the talks between the British and Egyptian delegations on the all-important question of Treaty revision. Britain's decision to withdraw her armed forces from Egypt does not leave the Canal undefended, Palestine, Transjordan, the Sudan, Cyprus and Cyrenaica all offering possible alternative bases, although it is argued that they may not be fully within effective fighter range—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The SUEZ and SUDAN

Two Vital Issues Which Have Dominated the Egyptian Treaty Revision Talks

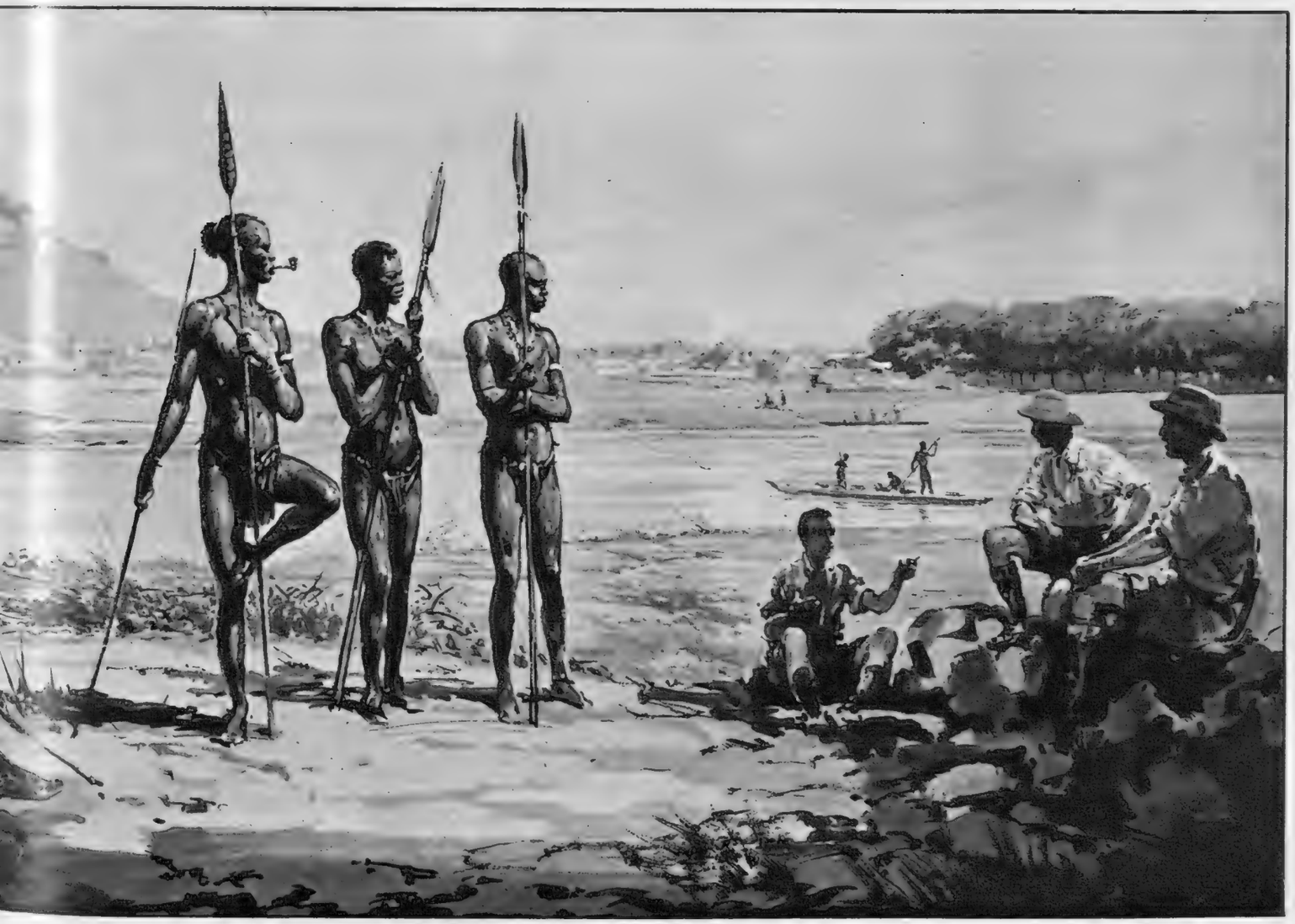
British policy with regard to Egypt is clear. Communications must be safeguarded; friendship must be maintained with the Egyptian Government; and the welfare of the Sudanese peoples must always be studied whatever else is decided. With these considerations in mind, Lord Stansgate and his British delegation arrived recently in Egypt in order to discuss the withdrawal of the British forces and the revision of the Treaty of 1936, the talks opening in an atmosphere of considerable good will. During the talks two vital issues have been at stake, the first being the defence of the Suez Canal and the second the future of the Sudan. With regard to the Suez Canal, there is a body of opinion inclining to the view that its defence can be maintained from bases in Cyrenaica, Transjordan, Cyprus or Palestine, but it has also been urged that effective fighter defence cannot be staged as yet from a distance of more than 200 miles. Although the British withdrawal from the zone has already begun, it will not be complete for several years. Britain at present possesses no fewer than 150 depots containing stores valued at £162,000,000.

IN MODERN ALEXANDRIA, WHERE BRITAIN HAS MANY INTERESTS AT STAKE: A waterfront view of modern buildings in the great city. The British forces, now withdrawing from Egypt, have huge repair shops at Alexandria for guns, tanks and cars, and there is also an important cold-storage plant there. During the war years Alexandria was vital to our Mediterranean defence, and it may be necessary in the immediate future to find an alternative port, such as Haifa

THE PROBLEM OF THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN SUDAN : A sketch-map of the vast territory which since 1899 has been governed under the Condominium Agreement between Britain and Egypt. It is the view of the Egyptian Nationalists that the British have constantly set aside that Agreement and have run the country with an exclusively British Government on a typical colonial pattern. When the Treaty Revision Talks began in Cairo the question of the Sudan loomed largely, and Nahas Pasha, the Wafdist leader, declared that there was a danger that Egyptian claims were being disregarded. The map shows the marked racial distinction between the northern and southern areas of the Sudan

IN THE LAND OF THE DINKAS : A typical village in the South Sudan, home of a Pagan-African people, whose lives are in marked contrast to the Arab-Muslim inhabitants of the northern area. In the administration of these primitive people the Sudan Government has an unbroken record of achievement, and it was made plain when the recent Treaty negotiations began in Cairo that the welfare of the Sudanese would at all costs be safeguarded by the British authorities

Below—**THE PRIMITIVE PEOPLE OF THE UPPER REACHES OF THE NILE : Typical Dinka warriors at Rejaf, one of the southernmost outposts of our administration in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. After thirty years of patient administrative work the native distrust of alien intruders, caused by previous oppression, has been largely overcome.** The lives of these people of the south are in astonishing contrast to those of the northern Sudanese, who are essentially Arab, and the only real link between them lies in the fact that they both draw their sustenance from the Nile. Britain has frequently taken measures for the protection of the southern tribesmen, and, in return, she has received during two world wars irrefutable evidence of the attachment of the people to the British connection. The Dinkas, who breed milch kine and live by hippopotamus-hunting and fishing, wear scanty hide girdles. Their blue-black skin is often smeared with ashes as a protection against mosquitoes. They worship a rain god (Dengdit), and they propitiate animal spirits by animal sacrifices. Each tribe has its headman, but there is no national cohesion—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*



IN SEARCH OF SPEED : The Bell Aircraft Corporation's L39 makes its bow. This machine, with its wings swept back at an angle of 35 deg., is the subject of experimentation at Buffalo, New York State, where the designers are attempting to solve the problem of attaining speeds faster than sound. The United States Navy Bureau of Aeronautics is taking an official interest in the design

A PROBLEM PICTURE FROM CALIFORNIA : These domed structures do not constitute another attempt to solve the housing problem; they are protective coverings for 40-mm. guns on the flight deck of the United States aircraft-carrier "Intrepid." The *Intrepid* is one of the ships of the United States Nineteenth Fleet, which is at present being laid up in the naval shipyard in San Francisco. America is keeping only one fleet under active service conditions in Pacific waters, being called the Fifth Fleet, and this is based on the Californian port of San Diego

THE PLANE WITH THE SWEPT-BACK WINGS : The L39—experimental type introduced by the Bell Aircraft Corporation—taking off from an airfield at Buffalo, New York State. It is not expected that this particular machine will achieve speeds faster than sound, but the wing design, with its rearward angle of 35 deg., is being made the subject of intensive research as it is believed that this may be the answer to many of the current problems in aeronautical design. British designers are experimenting on similar lines

A NEWS SURVEY FROM THREE CONTINENTS

America in Search of Speed; Mr. Jinnah Meets the Big Three; Black Marketing in Shanghai; The Ku-Klux-Klan Again; Calais Rebuilds

ROYAL SUPPLIANTS : The Countess of Barcelona and her blind daughter at the Shrine of Our Lady of Fatima. The wife of Don Juan, Pretender to the Spanish throne, seen during her visit to a celebrated place of pilgrimage in Lisbon, where she interceded on behalf of her child. Over eight hundred stricken pilgrims appeared at the shrine during the month of May, seeking a miraculous cure for their ailments. The appearance of the Countess at this shrine created a sensation, and she was at once surrounded by a curious crowd

SEEKING ILLEGAL ENTRY INTO THE HOLY LAND : The 2,000-ton Greek motor-freighter "Smyrni," with every inch of her deck space occupied, seen 20 miles off the port of Haifa. The ship had left the Black Sea port of Constanza with about 1,800 illegal Jewish immigrants on board, and when this picture was taken she had been intercepted by the British destroyer *Jervis Bay*. The *Jervis Bay* then escorted the *Smyrni* into Haifa, where troops of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment and a dozen armoured and police cars were lined up on the pier as the immigrants landed. The captain and crew of the *Smyrni* were put under arrest. The would-be immigrants were later interrogated

THE BIG THREE MEET LEADERS OF THE MUSLIM LEAGUE : A momentous gathering at Simla during the long-drawn-out discussions on the future of India. On the left is Mr. Jinnah, the leader of the League, and with him are Lord Pethick Lawrence, Mr. A. V. Alexander and Sir Stafford Cripps; while on the right are three of Mr. Jinnah's supporters. During the protracted negotiations, it was made plain that Mr. Jinnah was prepared to compromise on some points at issue, and it was from Mr. Patel, the militant leader of Congress, that opposition was consistently forthcoming

A BLACK MARKET RAID IN SHANGHAI : United States Military Police tackle a youth who attempted to regain possession of goods which had been confiscated from him. It is reported that much U.S. Army equipment is being sold in the city (including such items as Red Cross rescue packets for pilots), and a determined effort is now being made to stamp out the menace

TULIPS BLOOM IN MANHATTAN : A magnificent display in the centre garden strip just north of 35th Street on New York's Park Avenue. The tulips were presented to the city last autumn by Mr. Van Swinderin, the Acting Consul-General of the Netherlands, and there is another equally fine display from the same donor in Central Park. In the background of this picture is seen the tower of the New York Central Building

THE KU-KLUX-KLAN REARS ITS HEAD AGAIN IN THE DEEP SOUTH : The scene on Stone Mountain, Georgia, when 2,000 members of the notorious secret society gathered to initiate new members. Members of the general public were invited to attend the ceremony, but the Klan Patrol kept the Press at a distance The Ku-Klux-Klan came into being in the Southern States of America in the period of reconstruction after the Civil War, and had as its primary object the opposing of coloured influence in Government and society, and the prevention of intermingling between the races. In 1915, after it had languished for some years, the Klan was revived, and the present organisation (ruled by an Atlanta doctor) is anti-Catholic, anti-Semitic and anti-Negro

THE HOODED GHOULS OF THE KU-KLUX-KLAN : Members of the secret society, masked and robed, seen at Stone Mountain, Georgia, before conducting initiation ceremonies. About 100 new members were sworn in on this occasion with all the traditional ceremonial. White robes and masks were originally adopted as a means of playing upon Negro fears and superstitions. Stone Mountain was well lighted for the occasion, cans of fuel being placed on the mountainside to form a fiery cross some 300 ft. high

CALAIS COPES WITH THE BRICK CRISIS AND THE HOUSING PROBLEM : Salvaging bricks from bombed buildings in a badly damaged area of the port. These bricks are cleaned on the spot and then carted away for immediate use on new buildings. Calais, the scene of two great land battles during the war and of repeated raids, has a tremendous housing shortage, having lost 12,000 homes and 42 schools in six years. Reconstruction is in the hands of M. Paulet, an official sent specially from Paris for the work, and already considerable progress has been made. So far eight hundred houses have been built in Calais and a further 1,325 houses are under construction, a large proportion of them being of a temporary character and made from the town's salvaged brick

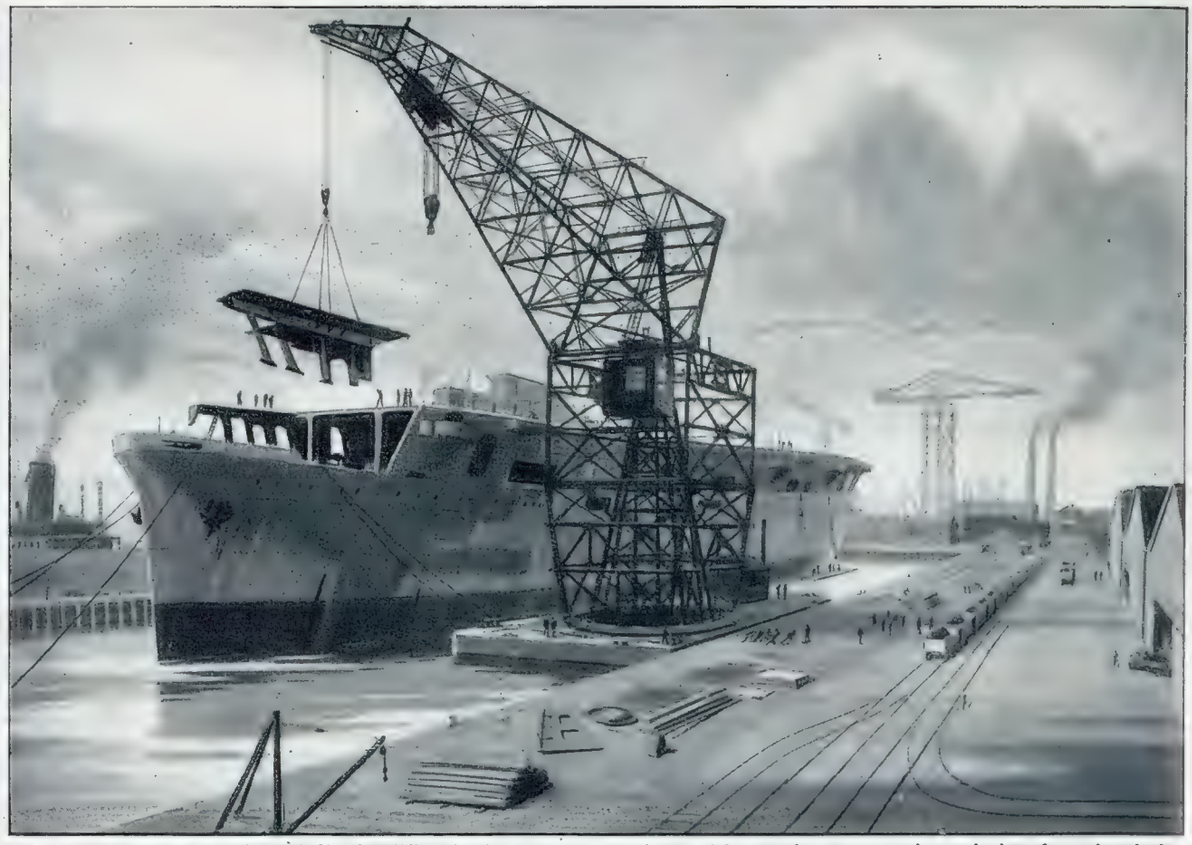
RUBBLE INTO HOMES : Temporary houses constructed in Calais from bricks salvaged and cleaned on the bombed sites. It is seldom possible to use new bricks, as production in France is still on a modest scale and transport between brick works and town presents an additional problem in a land of disrupted communications

Ships and the Sea

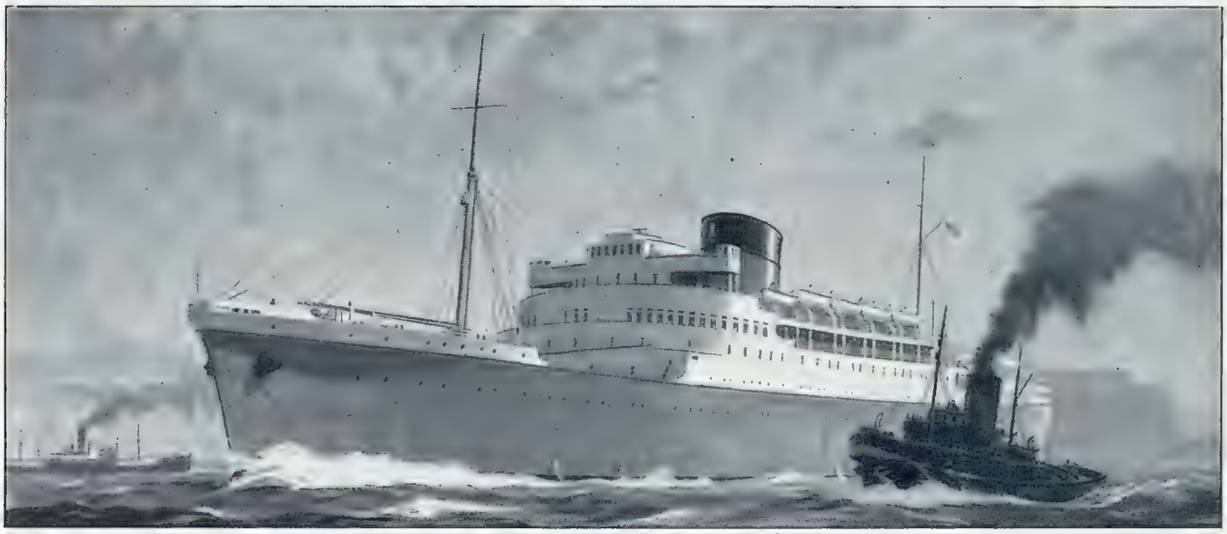
RESTORING THE "PRETORIA CASTLE"

The *Pretoria Castle*, a motorship of 17,392 tons, was completed in 1939 for the Union Castle Company's intermediate service between the Continent, London, and South Africa, and although not rated as an express liner, she shared with the *Durban Castle*, of similar tonnage, a growing reputation. When the war came, so soon after her debut, the *Pretoria Castle* was mobilised and converted into a special type of aircraft-carrier designed for experimental purposes. Fitted with a flight-deck, she was used for testing the landing and taking off of various types of aircraft, and in this connection served a very useful purpose. Now the *Pretoria Castle* is being reconverted The unsightly flight-deck is being removed, and, with a new coat of paint, she will soon be operating on the route to the Cape, in the familiar mauve, red and black colours of the line. In both world wars the Union Castle Company has played a notable part, contributing many ships to the Allied cause. To-day the fleet consists largely of fast and intermediate motor-vessels, the express liners making the voyage to the Cape in the contract time of fourteen days

—*Drawings by S. E. Beck*



THE CONVERSION OF THE "PRETORIA CASTLE": The 17,000-ton motorship, which served as an experimental aircraft-carrier during the war, being restored to her original appearance as a passenger liner. A crane is seen lifting a section of the forward part of the flight-deck. After the flight-deck has been removed, the vessel will be prepared for service on the South African route



THE "PRETORIA CASTLE" RESTORED TO HER PEACETIME APPEARANCE: An artist's impression of the 17,000-ton liner leaving Table Bay escorted by a tug. A picture showing her with her flight-deck removed and her superstructure restored. The "Pretoria Castle," which will operate on the intermediate service, has accommodation for 220 first-class passengers and 335 tourist-class passengers

Below — When the S.S. *Harpagus* was blown up during operations off the Normandy coast it seemed that nothing could save this 10,000-ton merchant vessel, but thanks to a fine piece of engineering she will soon be sailing the high seas again, this time as the 10,000-ton merchant vessel *Treworlas*. Following the explosion only the aft-end of the *Harpagus* was salvaged; but a new fore-end was recently constructed and launched at Walker-on-Tyne, afterwards being towed a mile to Swan, Hunter's dry dock at Wallsend, where the junction of the two parts is being completed. The task presents some very complicated engineering problems, but it is by no means unique, and well within the compass of the enterprising modern shipbuilder. The new part launched at Walker-on-Tyne is 190 ft. long, and includes the officers' accommodation and wheel-house

A NEW HALF FOR THE "HARPAGUS": During the operations off the Normandy coast after D-Day, the S.S. "Harpagus" was involved in an explosion and the vessel broke in two, the fore-end being lost. Now a new fore-end has been built at Walker-on-Tyne, and it is seen (*left*) ready for the launching, which took place about a fortnight ago. Meanwhile, in the dry dock at Wallsend-on-Tyne the original aft-end of the vessel (*right*) is seen awaiting the newly-completed section. When the junction has been achieved she will be renamed the "Treworlas," though local wits are suggesting she should be called the "Halfagus"

Ships and the Sea

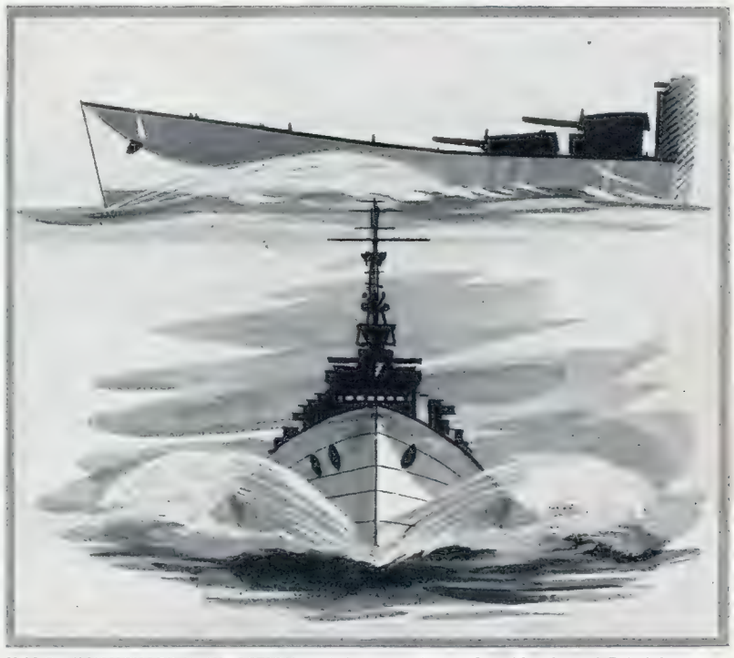
THE NOVEL BOW of H.M.S. "VANGUARD"

The lessons of war inevitably lead to radical changes in warship design, and H.M.S. *Vanguard*, Britain's newest and biggest battleship, is essentially a ship designed as a result of wartime experience. Her flared bow and high foredeck are two features which would make her easy to identify in any company, and although the same features do appear in the King George V class, they are present in a much less marked degree. With the sharp rise in the deck line, it would appear that the forward guns of H.M.S. *Vanguard* might not be able to fire directly over the bow with no elevation, and if this is so, it is clear that the Admiralty have conceded a point upon which they have been most insistent in the past. In the interests of streamlining, the bow anchor of the *Vanguard* does not protrude, a special cavity in the bows having been constructed to receive it—

Drawings by R. Johnston

A KEEL THAT CUTS A FURROW THROUGH THE OCEAN: An artist's impression of H.M.S. *Vanguard*, Britain's new and largest battleship, showing the pronounced flare at the bow and the rise of the foredeck, features which ensure better conditions in heavy weather

"SHIPPING IT GREEN": The liner *Queen Elizabeth*, during her service as a wartime transport, encountered more than her fair share of heavy weather in the Atlantic and, on the occasion depicted here, her forward deck was actually crushed down 3 or 4 ins. by the weight of water. The incident took place in 1944 but it was first disclosed last month



H.M.S. "VANGUARD" IN ACTION: A bow-on view and a side view of Britain's newest battleship, showing the flared bow enabling her to cut through the waves and throw them to each side. The upper picture evidences the sharp rise in the foredeck

A CLYDE NOCTURNE—H.M.S. "VANGUARD" AND THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH" LYING SIDE BY SIDE IN THE BRILLIANTLY ILLUMINATED ESTUARY: A picture taken from Gallows Hill, near Kilcreggan, and looking across the water to the shipbuilding towns of Greenock and Port Glasgow. The *Queen Elizabeth* had arrived at Greenock prior to refitting as an Atlantic liner after her period of service as a war transport, and H.M.S. *Vanguard* had just left the fitting-out basin at John Brown's yard, Clydebank, prior to running her sea trials. During the war Greenock was a great meeting-place for the world's shipping, and it was in the Clyde estuary that many of the largest convoys forgathered

WILL THIS BE THE SITE OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION IN 1951?—THE BOMB-SCARRED RIGHT BANK OF THE THAMES OPPOSITE THE VICTORIA EMBANKMENT BETWEEN WESTMINSTER AND CHARING CROSS: A panoramic view of the area which has been suggested as an appropriate setting for the World Fair, which the Government have agreed to hold in London in five years' time. Away on the right are Shell Mex House and the Savoy Hotel

POLESDEN LACEY IS RELEASED FROM WAR SERVICE: This celebrated mansion, which was bequeathed to the nation in 1942 but used subsequently to accommodate part of the collection of working models from the London Science Museum, will shortly be opened to the public. The 950 acres of park and woodland (*below on right*) are already open, and during the Easter holidays many Londoners took the opportunity of visiting this famous beauty spot near Dorking

POLESDEN LACEY—A National Possession Among the Downs

In 1942, when Mrs. Ronald Greville left her beautiful home at Polesden Lacey, near Dorking, as a gift to the National Trust, together with 950 acres of park and woodland, it constituted one of the most important bequests that the Trust had ever received. With the war news looming vitally on every page, however, the news of the Polesden Lacey bequest largely escaped attention, and temporarily the house was turned over to wartime purposes, accommodating some of the precious models from the Science Museum in London. Polesden Lacey was an admirable place for the Science Museum models, as an even temperature was always maintained in the house in order to preserve the paintings and the Louis XV furniture. Now the models are all on their way back to London, and, in due course, Polesden Lacey will be open to the public under the terms of the bequest. The pictures at Polesden include a Raeburn valued at £12,000, a Lawrence worth £4,500, and a Reynolds worth £2,000, and, in addition, there is one fake. It was believed to be the work of Carpaccio painted in Venice in 1485, but two years ago Sir Kenneth Clark identified it as having been painted by an obscure Victorian artist. Polesden Lacey has many associations with Royalty. King Edward VII was a frequent visitor to this fine house on the Downs, as also were King Alfonso and Queen Ena of Spain. In the spring of 1923 King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, then Duke and Duchess of York, spent the first part of their honeymoon there

The INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION IN 1951

The Problem of Choosing a Site for the World Fair, which is to be Held in London

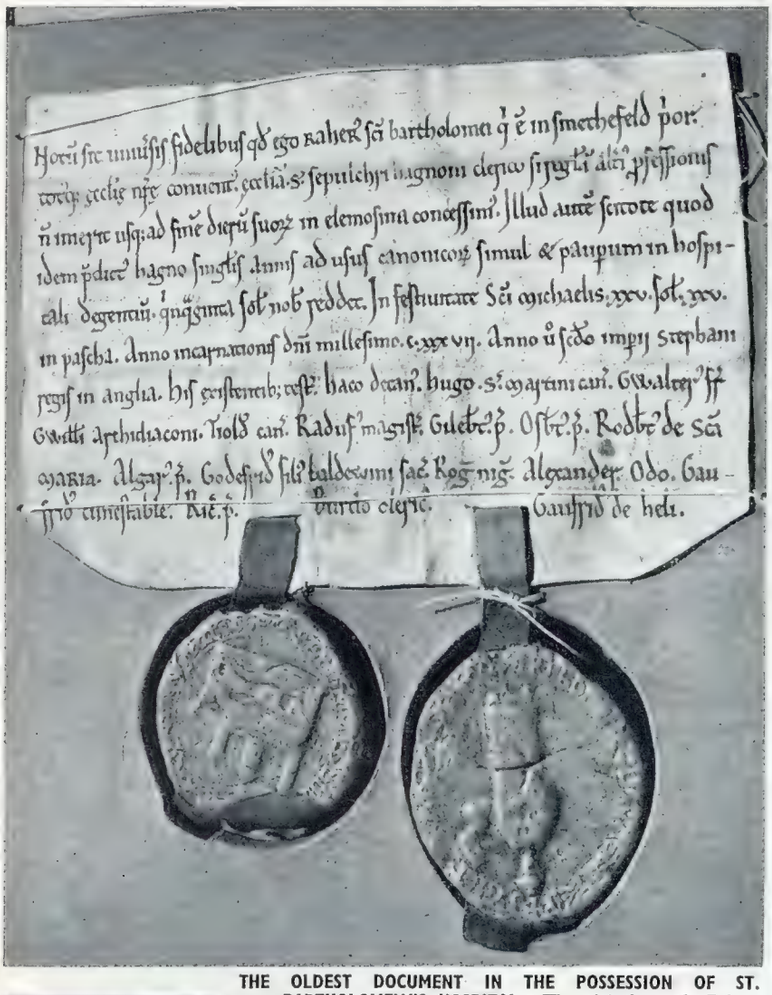
The plan to hold an International Exhibition in London exactly a century after the exhibition organised with such conspicuous success by the Prince Consort in the grounds of Hyde Park is one that has met with universal acclamation, and has, at the same time, promoted a controversy. One school of thought inclines to the opinion that the World Fair of 1951 should also take place in one of the parks, but there are many who feel, on the other hand, that one of the vast and centrally situated bombed sites would be wholly admirable for the purpose. Mention has been made on several occasions in Parliament of the blitzed area on the right bank of the Thames near County Hall and facing the Victoria Embankment, which is the subject of the above panoramic view, and there is no doubt that if it was made the setting for an exhibition, the exhibition's chances of financial success would be greatly enhanced, as also would be the opportunities for pageantry on a grand scale. The pile of rubble dominating the left of the view comes from demolished shelters on the south side of the Thames. The rubble is at present being taken away in barges for use in building development

A MENACED RAILWAY STATION—DAMAGE ON THE UP PLATFORM, AT UPPER SYDENHAM, WHICH IS THREATENED BY PRESSURE FROM THE RUBBLE DUMP BUILT BEHIND IT: Cracks have already appeared in the platform and it is feared that the whole line may be engulfed

In Longton Avenue, Upper Sydenham, London, S.E., is a bomb-rubble dump which is threatening to wreck a row of semi-detached houses and the railway station of Upper Sydenham, on the Southern Railway's Crystal Palace line. The rubble began to be dumped in the vale near the station soon after the first air raids in 1940, and now there are hundreds of thousands of tons on the dump. The enormous pressure of this weight is gradually forcing the earth on which it stands outwards, thus menacing surrounding buildings. Gangs of men have been engaged in shoring up the railway bridge and signal-boxes near the station. Cracks have appeared in the concrete on one of the platforms, and traffic, already restricted to the down line only, may have to be stopped altogether. At the moment the rubble dump towers 100 ft. above the station level

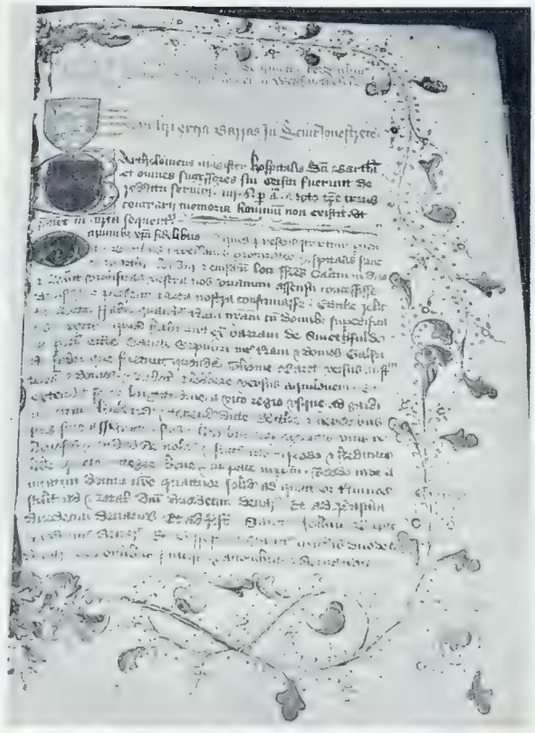
BART'S LOOKS BACK

Treasured Documents of the Ancient London Hospital Exhibited at the Anniversary Celebrations

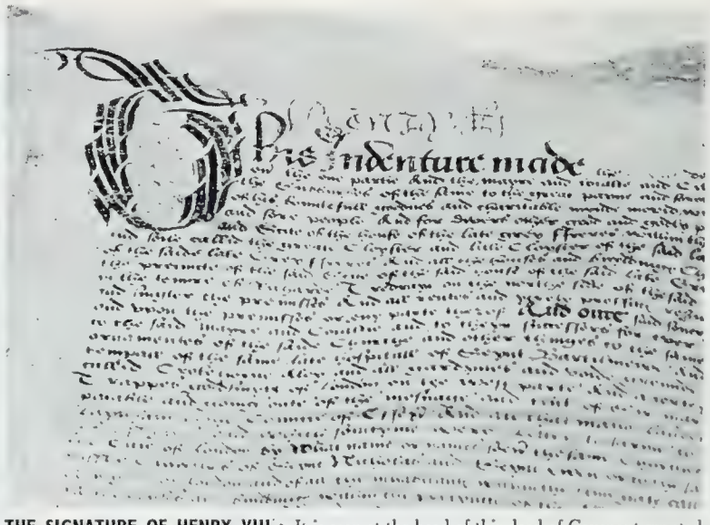


THE OLDEST DOCUMENT IN THE POSSESSION OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL : The original grant by Rahere of the Church of St. Sepulchre to Hago. Rahere—a courtier of Henry I—was the founder of St. Bartholomew's and began to build the hospital on its present site in 1123, and he was its first master until 1137. This document, together with others relating to the history of Bart's, was shown to the King and Queen on the occasion of their visit in commemoration of the 400th anniversary of the Second Foundation of the hospital by Henry VIII. The documents were displayed in College Hall

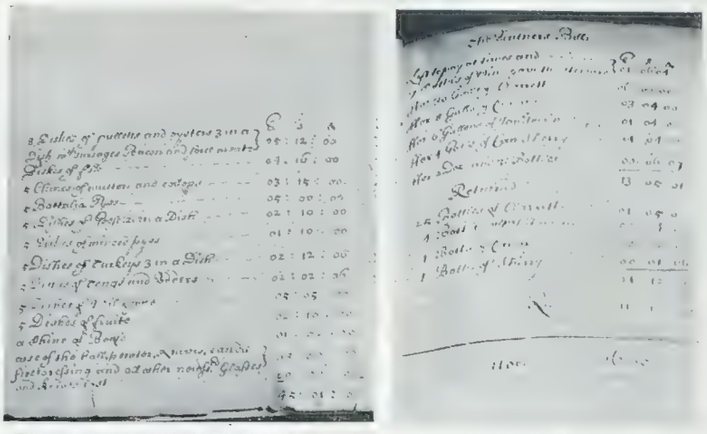
St. Bartholomew's Hospital, the earliest institution of the kind in London, was founded in 1123 by Rahere, a courtier of Henry I, in fulfilment of a vow made by him when lying sick in Rome; but it was characteristic of Henry VIII that, at the time of the Dissolution, he should spare the hospital, grant it a charter, and declare himself to be the founder of its fortunes. In May the 400th anniversary of this second founding was celebrated at St. Bartholomew's, and to mark the occasion King George and Queen Elizabeth visited West Smithfield to attend a service and historical play in the Church of St. Bartholomew the Great. They also visited the College Hall and examined some of the precious documents so intimately associated with the history of the hospital. Some of these documents, which have only been publicly exhibited twice in the eight centuries of the hospital's history, are very beautifully adorned, particularly those relating to the Quit Rents, which date from the time of the Wars of the Roses. Of somewhat later date, but of possibly even greater interest, are the bills relating to the annual Buck Feast, which are written in very clear handwriting, almost of copperplate character. The cook's bill included five dishes of turkeys (three in a dish), eight dishes of pullets and oysters, and five dishes of goose; while the vintner's bill made reference to four gallons of sherry, thirty gallons of claret, and eight gallons of Canary. It was significant that only one bottle of sherry and one bottle of Canary were returned after the feast, and there is every evidence that the Buck Feasters had a very good time



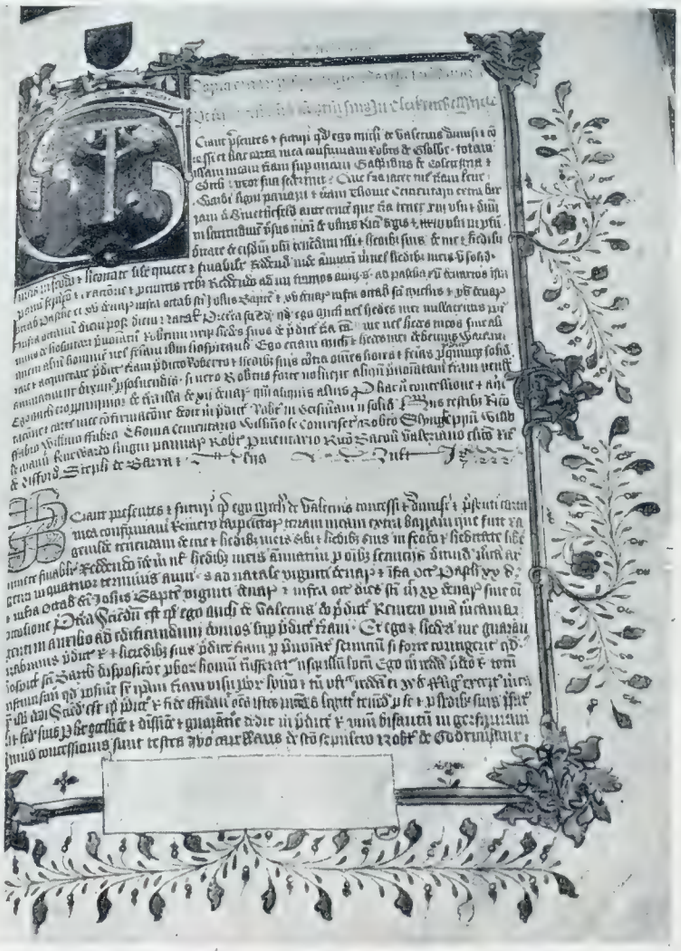
HANDSOME ADORNMENTS TO A MUNDANE SUBJECT : A highly decorative page from the St. Bartholomew's Charter Documents and relating to the matter of the hospital's Quit Rents. It was prepared by John Cok, and it bears the date 1460



THE SIGNATURE OF HENRY VIII : It is seen at the head of this deed of Covenant granted by the King to St. Bartholomew's Hospital when he became its second founder 400 years ago. To mark this 400th anniversary the King and Queen recently paid a visit to the hospital, and they took a keen interest in the many documents displayed for their inspection. They also saw a play relating to events in the history of Bart's



RECALLING PRE-AUSTERITY TIMES : A page from the cook's bill (*left*) and a page from the vintner's bill (*right*) presented after the annual Buck Feast at St. Bartholomew's in 1684. The feast was usually held at the end of July, and venison was the principal dish. Among the wines consumed were thirty gallons of claret costing £6



AN ILLUMINATED TREASURE FROM THE CARTULARY OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S : A fine example of medieval decoration in one of the hospital's charter documents. The decorations at the side are in the same style as those in the Quit Rents document illustrated on the left, and it probably belongs to the period of the Wars of the Roses

ON PARADE IN THE BELVEDERE COURTYARD OF THE VATICAN : A drummer and three other ranks of the Swiss Guard in their plumed helmets and striped blue and red uniforms. A picture taken recently on the 419th anniversary of the Sack of Rome, when thirty-two new recruits, including two officers, took the oath of allegiance on being admitted to this elite corps. For very nearly 450 years the Swiss Guards have protected the Pope and guarded the Vatican

LED BY THE DRUM AND FIFE BAND : Swiss Guards of the Vatican, the picturesquely-clad troops charged with the protection of the Pope, leaving the Belvedere Courtyard after the annual ceremony of swearing in new members and of renewing allegiance

PREPARING FOR THE CEREMONIAL PARADE : Men of the Swiss Guard seen as they made ready for the annual parade, when the new recruits took the oath

SWISS GUARDS TAKE THE OATH

A Picturesque Annual Ceremony in the Belvedere Courtyard of the Vatican

AN OFFICER OF THE SWISS GUARD TAKES THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE—A SOLEMN MOMENT IN THE BELVEDERE COURTYARD OF THE VATICAN PALACE : Placing his sword on the flag held towards him by a sergeant, he raises his right hand, with three fingers outstretched in acknowledgment of the Trinity, and swears faithfulness to the Holy See. He ends with the words "And may Jesus and the Saints aid me"

On May 6, 1527, 147 men of the Swiss Guard died defending Pope Clement VII from the Spanish invader, and ever since the Swiss Guards, charged with the protection of the Pope, have taken an annual oath of loyalty on the anniversary of that day, and at the same time they have sworn in the new recruits who have joined the corps during the past year. This year the ceremonies in the Belvedere Courtyard of the Vatican were no less colourful than usual, and no fewer than thirty-two new members were sworn in, including two officers, thus bringing the strength of the Swiss Guard up to six officers and 102 men. The new recruits, who come from the Catholic Cantons of Switzerland, and agree to serve for two years, take it in turns to touch the flag and, with the right arm raised aloft with the fingers signifying the sign of the Trinity, they repeat the words of allegiance. For the occasion the men don medieval breastplates, plumed helmets, blue and red striped trousers, and ruffled collars. The officers are distinguished by their velvet breeches and their coats of mail. During their normal duties at the Vatican, where they mount the daily guards and form guards of honour for the Pontiff, these household troops are less cumbrously clad, appearing without their heavy breastplates. Their red and yellow uniform is said to have been designed by Michael Angelo, who worked at the Vatican during the reigns of Julius II, who founded the Guardia Svizzera, and of his successor Clement VII. In addition to the Swiss Guards, the Papal troops include the Guardia Nobile, a body of about twenty Roman noblemen, and the Guardia Palatina, a militia of fifty Roman citizens

CHURCHMEN FORGATHER IN THE CITY OF LONDON: **The scene in the seventeenth-century hall of the Apothecaries Society in Blackfriars Lane as the Archbishop of Canterbury read the King's reply to a loyal address presented by the Convocation.** Subsequently the Upper and Lower Houses of the Convocation separated to deal with their particular business, and in the Upper House the limelight was focused on conditions in Europe. The Bishop of Birmingham (Dr. Barnes) declared that Germany was becoming one vast slum in Central Europe, and a feeling of despair was growing among German church-people

Home News in Pictures

The CONVOCATION of CANTERBURY MEETS

The Methodist Exhibition in Bristol: Preparations for Victory Night: Excavations in Exeter

LEADERS OF THE MODERN CHURCH: The Bishop of Winchester, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Chichester seen together on arrival for the Convocation of Canterbury. Dr. Bell, the Bishop of Chichester, introduced a motion into the Upper House urging the necessity for a speedy conclusion of a European Peace Treaty and for adherence to the principles of the United Nations

PREPARING FOR VICTORY NIGHT: Plans for London's great River Pageant. These barges, moored in the Thames opposite the Houses of Parliament, will provide part of the illuminations when the King and Queen make their river journey from Cadogan Pier, Chelsea, to Westminster

THE WESLEYS RIDE AGAIN IN THE STREETS OF BRISTOL: The Rev. M. N. Barnett and the Rev. E. W. O'Dell, dressed as John and Charles Wesley, the great reformers, as they set out from Broad Mead on a ride through the city in connection with the Methodist Exhibition. Broad Mead was John Wesley's first chapel and dwelling-house, and it was from there that he started upon his famed mission which shepherded multitudes into the Methodist fold. By his eloquence and by his battle call to victory over sin, he won an immediate following in the West, and he consolidated his success by immense powers of organisation, dividing his enthusiastic followers into groups, with leaders who became lay pastors

DANISH PRESSMEN VISIT LONDON: Representatives of leading journals in Denmark seen outside the Port of London Authority Headquarters. The party consisted of eight journalists, and a feature of their stay was an inspection of the Docks, where they were able to witness the activity resulting from the boom in Britain's export trade. Denmark is already beginning to regain her position as an exporter to Britain

PRELUDE TO A NORTH SEA PASSAGE: The R.N.L.I. makes a presentation to the people of Holland. These two lifeboats, each 32 ft. in length, are seen leaving Walton-on-the-Naze on their voyage across to Holland, where they are to be taken over by the North and South Holland Life Saving Society. The boats, which have been presented by the National Lifeboat Institution, have a long record of service around Britain. Members of the crew of the Walton lifeboat were chosen to make the journey and conduct the hand-over, among them being Mr. Pegg, a former naval lieutenant. The trip across took just under 24 hours

EXETER FOLLOWS LONDON'S LEAD: Lady Fox and Mr. P. Cater excavating for Roman remains in South Street. Central Exeter was seriously damaged by the Luftwaffe and, as in London, the opportunity is now being taken to carry out investigations. At the time of writing nothing of a spectacular nature has been revealed, but hopes are high that the cathedral area will yield many treasures of the Roman occupation

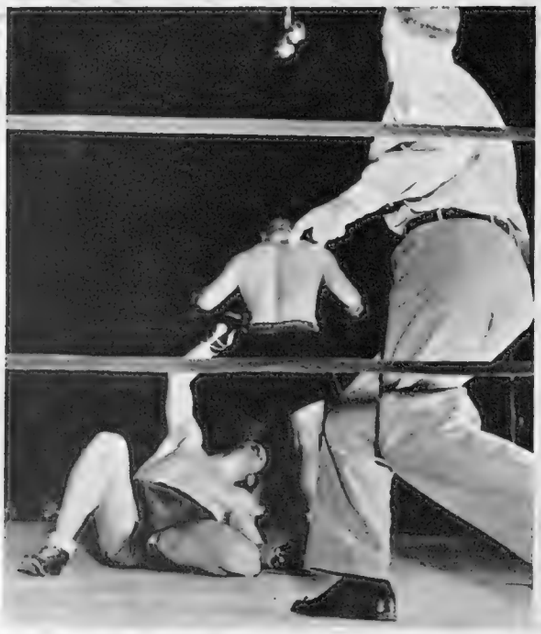
THE SEARCH GOES ON IN BLITZED EXETER: Men digging for Roman remains on vacant ground near the damaged cathedral. In the trench, behind man wielding the pick, is Mr. P. Cater, of Exeter University

VOYAGE TO THE ANTIPODES: The seventy-year-old schooner "Volant," manned by Mr. Edwin Cross and his syndicate of twentieth-century pioneers, leaving Belfast on the first stage of her 12,000-mile journey to Australia. The "Volant's" first port of call was Dublin, and she afterwards went on to Falmouth to embark the rest of the party of twenty-five. Mr. Cross, a Sydney-born film producer, bought the *Volant* in Belfast for £2,000, and he has spent five weeks fitting her out. Each member of his party, which includes his wife and two young children, is paying £125 for the passage to Australia. In command of the ship is Lieut.-Commander John Gough, R.N.V.R., of Glasgow

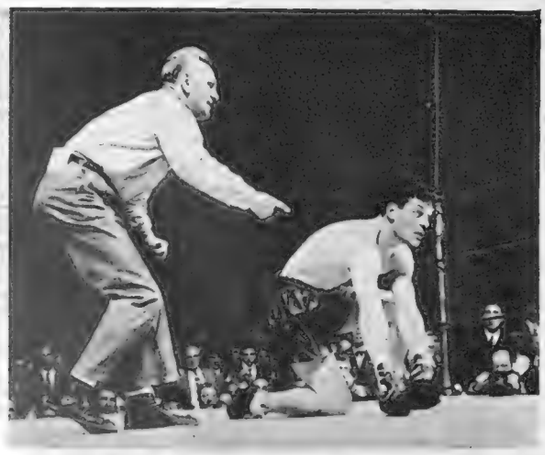
ANOTHER FAMILY TAKES TO THE RIVER: Wing-Commander Guy Harris, a Battle of Britain pilot, seen with his wife and son aboard the yacht "Hermione," which they are now converting into a home. Wing-Commander Harris has bought the sixty-eight-year-old yacht for £250, and it is moored off the Upper Mall at Chiswick. It has four separate cabins, a large lounge, a kitchen and a bathroom

THE BIG FIGHT IN NEW YORK

A Complete Photographic Sequence of the Knock-out of Bruce Woodcock by Tami Mauriello



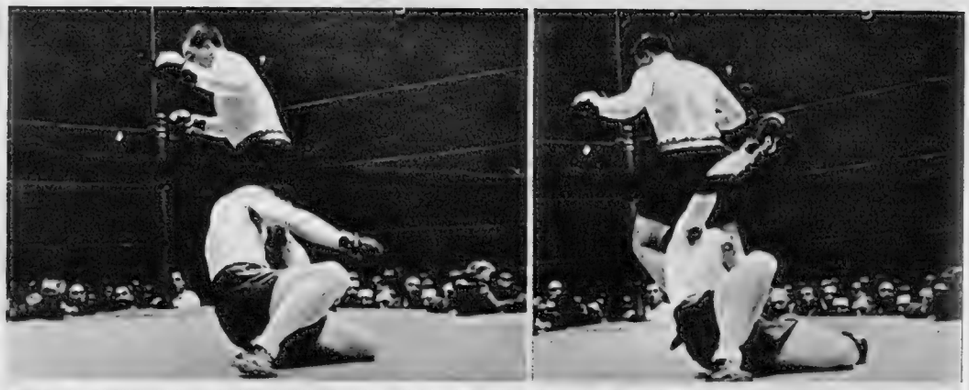
OUT FOR THE COUNT: Bruce Woodcock, the British champion, slumps to the canvas after his opponent, Mauriello, had knocked him out in the fifth round of their contest at Madison Square Garden



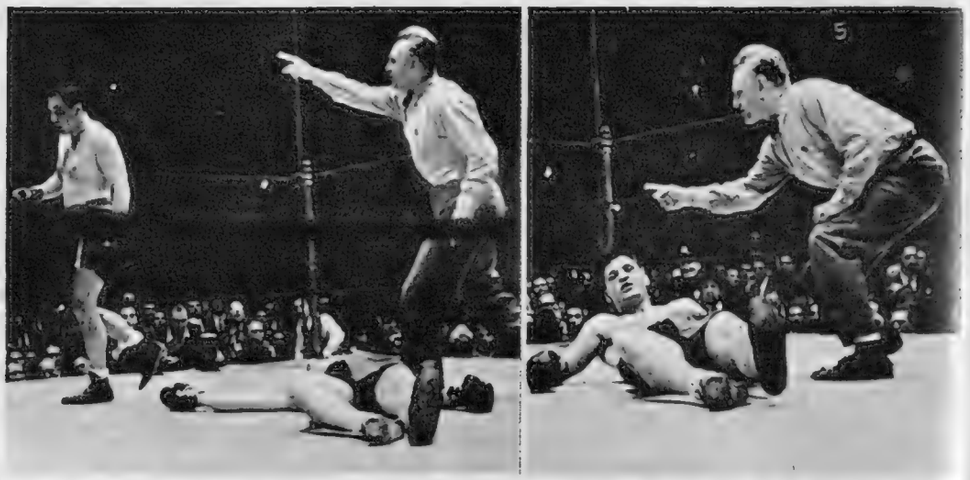
WOODCOCK ALMOST SURVIVES THE COUNT: The British champion, after succumbing to a punishing right hook, dazedly attempts to get off his knees. He was too late for the count, and his opponent was declared the winner after a hard-fought struggle

ALL OVER BAR SHOUTING: Woodcock, still dazed by the blow that knocked him out, is brought to his corner by his second, and the referee steps up to assist

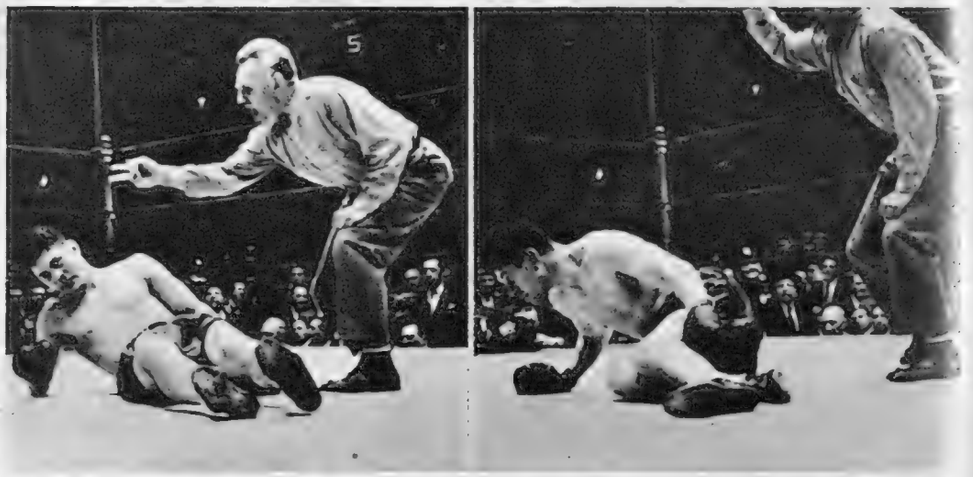
When Bruce Woodcock, the British heavyweight champion, flew back to Britain after his defeat by Tami Mauriello, the accompanying pictures came with him. They depict the closing stages of his fight at Madison Square Garden when, after leading on points and appearing to be heading for a comfortable victory, he was knocked out by a right hook from his hard-hitting opponent. Woodcock is now training for his next fight, with Freddie Mills, who was defeated by the American Lesnevitch only a week previously, and the two men are expected to provide fireworks when they come together



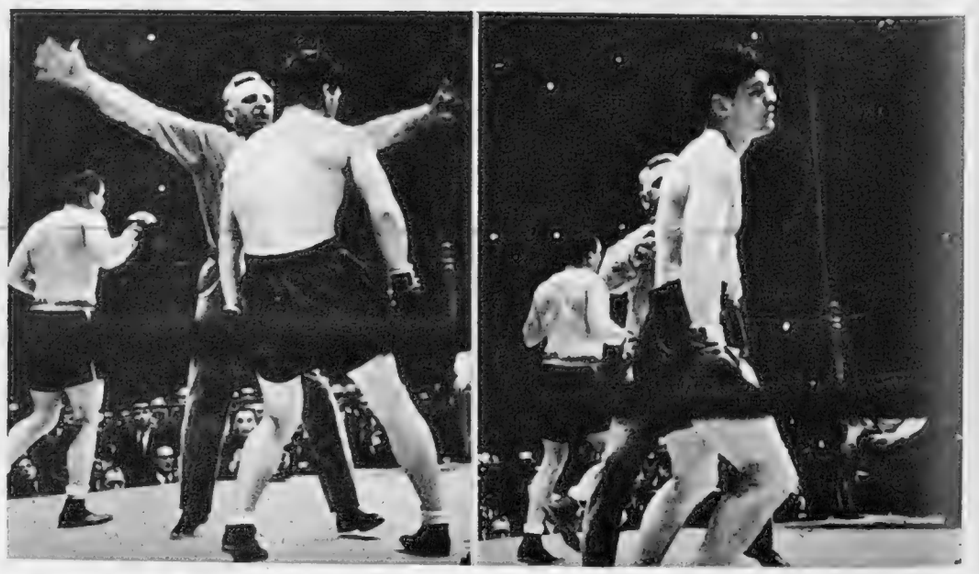
AFTER A RIGHT JAB WHICH CAUGHT HIM FULL ON THE POINT OF THE JAW: Two high-speed camera studies showing Bruce Woodcock, the British champion, at the moment when he hit the canvas and his world championship hopes received their first setbock in a career of twenty-four fights



BRITISH HOPES ARE DASHED TO THE GROUND: Bruce Woodcock falls on his back after receiving th. full force of a right hook (left), but scarcely has the referee begun to count before the Britis champion, showing great gameness, attempts to rise (right) and lifts his head from the canva.



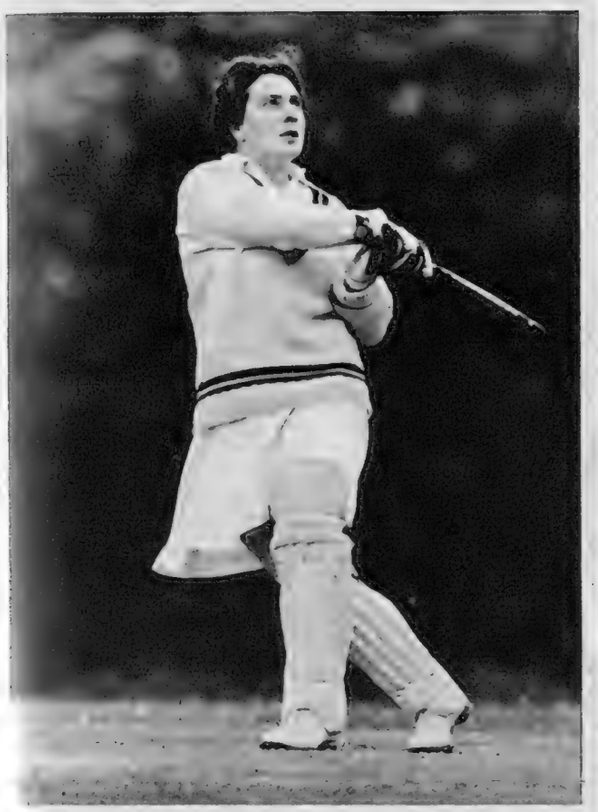
WOODCOCK STRUGGLES TO REACH HIS FEET: Two studies of the British champion as the referee stood over him making the count and he fought vainly to gather his resources and continue the fight. Woodcock made an extremely game effort to rise, and won the wholehearted applause of the crowd



THE FIGHT IS OVER: The referee (left) signals that Woodcock has been counted out, and he then assists the defeated champion (right) to his corner. Woodcock put up a wonderfully spirited fight, and he can be sure of a return bout whenever he wants it. At the moment he lacks ringcraft

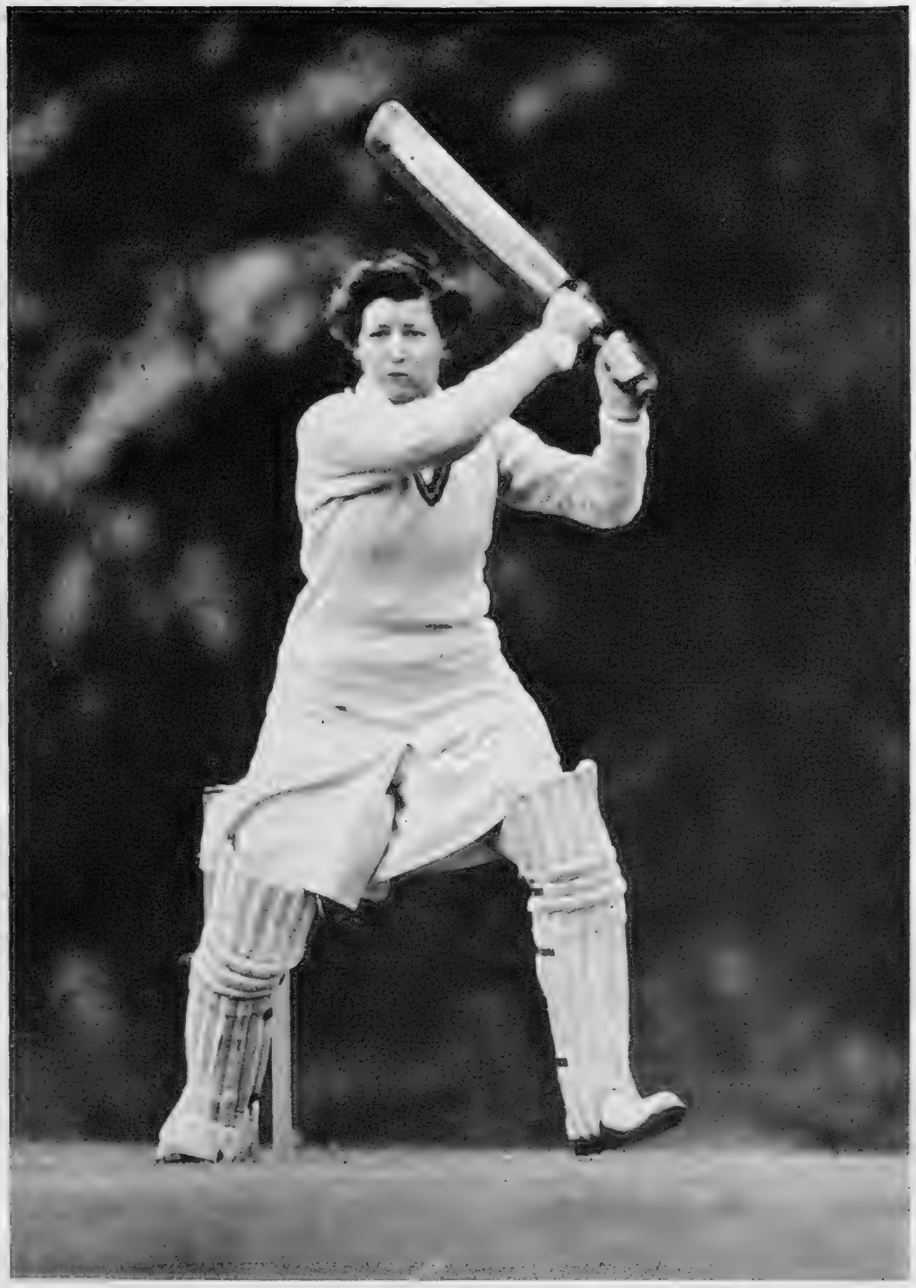
XWAAFIANS AT THE WICKET

Women's Cricket Opens the 1946 Season on the High School Ground at Brentwood



SIX TO THE SQUARE-LEG BOUNDARY? Miss W. M. Lund Linton in action at Brentwood during the recent Women's Cricket Match between Brentwood High School and the Xwaafians, a team made up of members and ex-members of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force

Women's cricket has come into its own again after tending to languish during six years of war, and in many parts the country women players have already played their first atches of the season. The Xwaafians, who are seen in these ctures in action against Brentwood High School, are a wly-formed team made up of past and present members of e Women's Auxiliary Air Force. For the convenience of ay the girls wear divided skirts of the same pattern as women nnis players adopted at Wimbledon some ten years ago



ETHOLEN THE READY! Miss D. M. Etholen, a member of the Xwaafians cricket team, in action at the wicket during the Brentwood match. Above her cricketing pads she wears a divided skirt, thus giving freedom of action

A MISSED CHANCE AT THE WICKET: Miss E. Back, of the Xwaafians, escapes being run-out when Miss May Wells, the Brentwood High School wicket-keeper, fails to gather the ball and break the stumps. Play in this match was keen, and the girls revealed a high standard considering how early it was in the season

THE WICKET-KEEPER STEPS BACK TO THEM: Miss May Wells, of Brentwood High School, facing up to some fast bowling on the wet pitch

THE RUGGED BEAUTY OF LOCH LAXDALE: A scene near Stornoway, in the Hebrides, where, despite the remoteness of the group, the islanders are enjoying a large measure of prosperity derived from fishing and the manufacture of Harris tweed. The word Laxdale is Danish for Salmon River

THE ISLES OF CONTENTMENT

Scenes on the Hebridean Island of Lewis, Where Prosperity has Come to the Gaelic-Speaking Fishermen and Crofters

LOOKING ALONG THE RIVER LAXDALE TO THE HEIGHTS OF BEN BARVAS: Another rugged scene on the island of Lewis and a few miles from the chief town of Stornoway, centre of the Outer Hebrides fishing industry. Lewis has many low, swampy tracts, and many parts of the interior are uninhabited, the population being gathered round the little fishing harbours of the coast

On the map the "Isles of Contentment" are at 58 deg. North, 7 deg. West. That seems a cold and barren spot; not a likely place for contentment. But the people's happiness springs from a deep sense of security, and of independence. The 80,000 inhabitants on the "Isles of Contentment" are hard-working and proud, for those who live there are the people of Lewis, of Harris and of Uist, in the Outer Hebrides.

In McCallum's bar in the Hebridean town of Stornoway many of the fishermen pull rolls of notes from their pockets when paying for their pints of beer and their whiskies. The notes, sometimes flecked with herring scales, are plentiful. But there is no wild extravagance; rather is there a quiet feeling of well-being.

Those who think of the Hebrides as islands, storm-racked by Atlantic winds, where crofters have to battle for an existence, should visit these people, who are warmly clad, who have plenty of food, with eggs, butter and pork in abundance. They work tremendously hard, these men and women of the Western Isles, fishing and making their Harris tweed. In the evenings they gather round their firesides, singing in Gaelic the lilting songs of the Hebrides. Most of the islanders speak Gaelic as well as English.

From the port of Stornoway to Tarbert—the heart of the Harris tweed industry—the road wends its way through banks of heather, lochs and hills. By the road-side the peat-stacks are drying, waiting to be collected to warm the cottages of the crofters.

A SOURCE OF ISLAND WEALTH: Octogenarian Donald Morrison, an old inhabitant of the Outer Hebrides, watches his daughter, Mrs. MacGeddie, at work on her spinning-wheel. Mrs. MacGeddie is a widow with one child, and she earns her living by preparing the wool for making Harris tweed

WHERE THE WIFE WORKS THE LOOM AND THE HUSBAND WORKS THE LAND : This is the home of Norman Murdoch at Glenhermsaig, near Tarbert, and it is typical of many a crofter's home on the prosperous islands of the Outer Hebrides. It would seem at first sight that little good could be gleaned from the rock-strewn soil, but in the Hebrides barley and potatoes both provide fair crops. The women, expert with the spinning-wheel, prepare the island wool for making tweeds

A L[illegible]DMARK FOR THE FISHING FLEETS : The Castle at Stornoway was once owned by the first Lord [illegible]everhulme, and it was presented by him to the town. Lord Leverhulme purchased the island [illegible] Lewis after the first World War in an endeavour to develop the fishing industries on a [illegible]ommercial basis, but he eventually left the islands and he died in 1925, his object unachieved

Above—SOUGHT BY A COUPONLESS WORLD : Harris tweed in stock in a Stornoway warehouse. Magnificent hand-woven material which brings a large measure of wealth to the people of the Outer Hebrides. The tweed is hand-spun, hand-woven and dyed, and it is wonderfully soft and flexible

On right—SHE KNOWS THE SECRETS OF HARRIS TWEED : Mrs. Duncan Martin—known to all as Granny Martin—at work on her spinning-wheel in her home on the island of Lewis. Many hundreds of islanders spin in their own homes, the women thus supplementing the incomes of their husbands

JOINING THE BROKEN THREADS OF LIFE

The Army's Imaginative Scheme to Aid the Process of Turning Soldiers into Civilians

By CHARLES GRAVES

ONE of the most imaginative actions on the part of the War Office was the foundation a few months ago of Formation Colleges, with the object of reversing the process of turning civilians into soldiers and, in fact, preparing military personnel for civilian life. In very many instances the students at these colleges have practically no experience of earning a living in the outside world. Many others left their firms as office boys or junior clerks, and now, six years later, have had all the experience which six years of honourable military service has brought them, together with a much higher standard of living. Others, again, had found their original jobs irksome before they joined the Army, and are anxious to change.

It was General Sir Robert Adam who planned the present system when he was Adjutant-General. There is a Formation College in each Command in the United Kingdom. There is also one apiece at Perugia (where the Arts section is based on no less a place than Florence), at Gottingen and Mount Carmel. Those in the U.K. are respectively at Chiseldon, which has an agricultural atmosphere and one pig per three students; at Welbeck, the fantastic home of the Duke of Portland, which has an art bias; at Stourport, formerly a U.S. Army hospital, which concentrates on science, and particularly radar; at New Battle Abbey, near Edinburgh, where the crypt is used as a church and domestic science is particularly popular; and the fifth, which I have just visited, at Luton Hoo, the magnificent Adams home of Sir Harold Wernher, in Hertfordshire.

Here, as at the other Formation Colleges, the course lasts a month, though in 10 per cent. of the cases it is possible for students to remain an extra month if they are not depriving someone else of the opportunity. This occurs chiefly in the less ordinary studies, such as sculpture.

Students at the present course, which is the seventh, number 763, of whom 164 are A.T.S. The instructors number seventy and it is estimated that each student costs £50 to educate for the month of his or her residence at Luton Hoo. The college is divided into various wings. There is the Commerce wing, which includes economics, book-keeping, advertising, accountancy, commercial or sales management, shorthand and typing, among other subjects. There is the Modern Studies wing, which includes history, political science, geography, journalism, languages, and—I regret to say—psychology. The Arts and Crafts wing explains itself, but includes landscape gardening. The Trades wing covers every aspect of building construction, cabinet-making, sign-writing and printing. The Pure and Applied Science wing includes mathematics, agriculture, poultry-keeping, horticulture and gardening. The Domestic Science wing is, of course, particularly popular with the A.T.S. The G.P.O. has its own wing, which teaches former or prospective employees all about underground and overhead erection and how to fit telephones into private houses. There is one more wing—which teaches prospective schoolteachers and Army officers who are not yet being demobilised how to instruct their own units.

The students range from Lieutenant-Colonels and Chief Commanders to privates. There is a major studying carpentry with a view to becoming a cabinet-maker. An Army captain is doing metal work with the object of making his own equipment when he becomes a professional photographer. During the last course, an officer learned the gentle art of bricklaying.

The hub of the whole college is the library of 10,000 books, of which 8,000 were acquired by private enterprise—from managing directors, sergeants' messes and from students themselves. This is full until midnight, and there is great difficulty in persuading the students to leave even at that hour.

There are no parades, but saluting is very properly maintained—a good illustration of the common sense of the British soldier, who will cheerfully salute an officer off-duty although a few minutes later they may be working on the same bench and borrowing one another's tools.

In addition to the various courses supervised by the seventy instructors, who in turn are aided by visiting lecturers, there are extra-mural courses. Thus, twenty-nine men from the B.A.O.R. who were printers in private life have been sent specially to Luton Hoo so that they can polish up in the various printing works like those of Waterlow and Sons, at Luton itself. Normal working hours are from 9 a.m. to 12.45 p.m. and from 2 p.m. to 5 p.m., but the chief difficulty of the staff is to prevent their students from working too hard, even though recreation is limited to only one afternoon a week, when facilities for cricket or soccer or some other sport in season are made available.

It is, of course, impossible to prepare anybody for a career in civilian life during the short space of one month, but an enormous amount of progress can be reported during each course. A.T.S. girls who were shorthand-typists can get their speeds back (there are fifty-one taking the shorthand-typist course, and there would be more if enough instructors could be found for them). Much elementary gas welding and electrical welding can be assimilated by keen students in a month. Many other trades and professions can be taught up to a point where the students will be ripe for the business training centres, which are under the organisation of Mr. F. C. Hooper, the Government's Director-General of this department. Those students who do not propose to take a course at one of these business colleges on leaving Luton Hoo are given a schedule for further private study.

One of the most important departments in the Formation College is the Careers Bureau, where officers and other ranks of both sexes are invited to bring their problems if in doubt as to their future career. It is a fact that many of them come to Luton Hoo without a clear idea of what they really want to do. There was the case of the Grenadier Guards corporal who had successfully applied to be a student in the Arts and Crafts wing. The instructor in music heard him sing at the college concert, which, happily, took place early in the course, and was immensely impressed by his very pure tenor voice, quite untrained, of course. He promptly suggested to the corporal that he should take up singing as a career. And now one comes to the unofficial but immensely valuable side of the college. Although there is nothing in the Army Council Instruction relating to Formation Colleges which lays it down that the staff should act as job-finders for the students, this, in fact, is becoming almost routine. In the case of the Guards corporal, the instructor of music, who, in private life, is a music master at the Trinity College of Music, promptly got in touch with Sir Granville Bantock, his Principal, persuaded him to take the corporal as a student, applied for an Army grant to cover the expenses, and sent him off there. When last heard of, the corporal had already got himself a job singing from the platform at the Lyceum while still a student at the Trinity College of Music.

Another case was that of an engineer's buyer (whatever that may be), who showed an intense desire as well as a marked ability for archæology. He is now an archæologist. A number of men who took the carpentry course are now earning good money with a firm which makes motor caravans. Others are earning £7 a week as gas welders. Another is with a firm of television equipment manufacturers. Yet others are employed by a firm which manufactures the ingredients for chemical spraying.

And so it goes. Chief constables make personal visits to look at students taking the police course. Managing directors of big firms also go "shopping," just as colonels of regiments have "shopped" for years at Sandhurst for young officers. County Directors of Education look over the students in the Instructors' Training wing. Film studios make enquiries for likely students who are taking a course in such subjects as fibrous modelling.

One of the advantages of having so many different classes is that they can frequently be merged into a communal effort. Thus, James Bridie's *The Dragon and the Dove* is to be performed at the end of the present course. The Drama students provide the majority of the actors and actresses. The printers do the printing of the programme. The students of the music course provide the orchestra. The students taking Interior Decoration are responsible for the proscenium and stage in what was formerly Sir Harold Wernher's dining-room, and the Scientific wing students provide the dimmers for the stage lights.

Strangest of all the courses is that of ancient languages. Two classes were taking Latin during my visit. One was laboriously translating Cæsar's Invasion of Britain—*Nascitur ibi plumbum album.*

But, on reflection, the most unexpected and imaginative effort of the War Office has been to provide a real live artist's model to pose in the nude for the mixed students. . . .

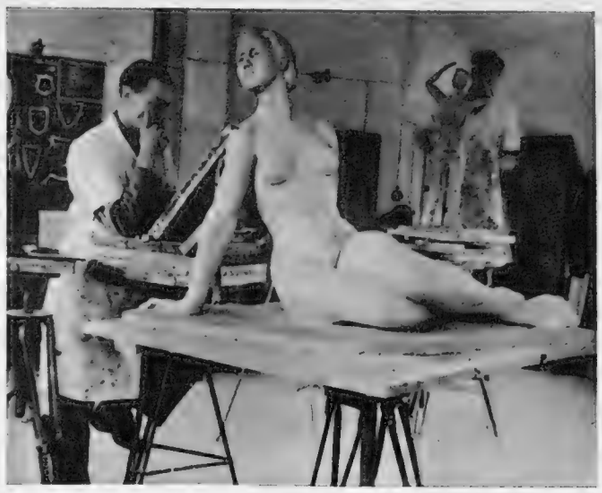
Curiously enough, there is no provision for A.T.S. to learn any beauty-parlour jobs, like manicuring, setting and waving or massage. Nor is there any course in domestic work, such as becoming a high-grade lady's maid or parlourmaid in the case of the A.T.S., or footman, valet or butler in the case of the men. Nor is there any course in driving and maintaining cars. To begin with, Army driving is taught at the various units, and consequently there would be far too many applications for ordinary peacetime driving.

To sum up, however, if all the Formation Colleges are as good as Luton Hoo, then the War Office must be congratulated on the finest thing ever done to counteract "demobitis," that ugly word for an ugly frame of mind which was far too prevalent immediately after the last war.

A CLASS IN BRICKLAYING: Soldier students gain practical experience at the Army's Formation College at Luton Hoo, the Hertfordshire home of Sir Harold Wernher

SOLDIERS LEARN THE ARTS OF PEACE AT LUTON HOO

IN THE WORKSHOPS AT LUTON HOO: Where officers and men, as a prelude to demobilisation, can learn from experts various phases of engineering during a month's course



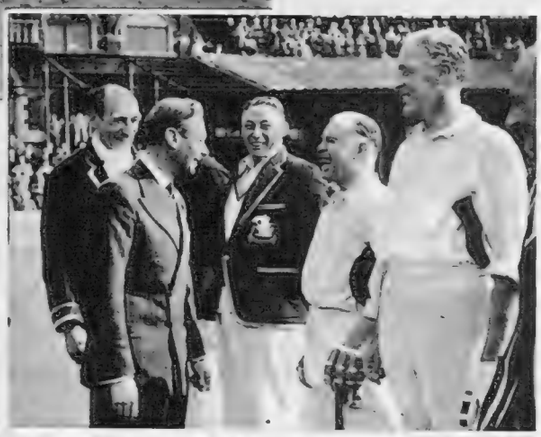
WHERE THE SOLDIER CAN STUDY SCULPTURE: Another example of the varied range of activities at Luton Hoo

THE KING with the CRICKETERS

The Forest Fire at Brandon : The Gipsy Wedding in Essex

THE OLD BRIGADE AT THE OVAL : The men who represented "Old England" in last week's cricket match against Surrey and whose ages total 606 years. Back row—J. B. Hobbs (umpire), E. R. T. Holmes, M. J. C. Allom, M. W. Tate, E. W. J. Brooks, A. Sandham and H. Strudwick (umpire). Centre row—E. Hendren, D. R. Jardine, P. G. H. Fender, H. Sutcliffe and F. E. Woolley. Front row—D. J. Knight and A. P. Freeman

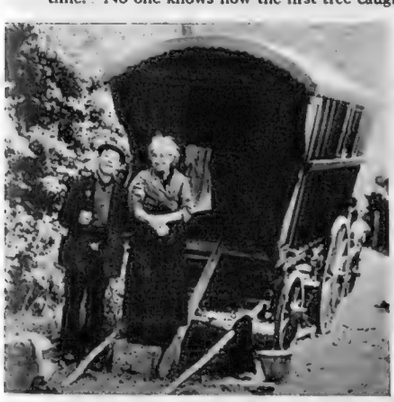
The King was present at the Oval last week for the one-day match in aid of Surrey Cricket Club's Centenary Year appeal for funds, and, in company with an immense crowd, he watched Surrey play a team styled Old England. Every member of the Old England team, except Brooks, the former Surrey wicket-keeper, has at some time played for England, and together with the umpires, Hobbs and Strudwick, they have between them 370 England caps. Surrey declared at 248 for six wickets, and then, after the sad early departures of Sutcliffe and Sandham, those old stalwarts Hendren and Woolley treated the crowd to a wonderful exhibition of batting in their inimitable and highly individual styles



THE KING MEETS THE OLD STAGERS : His Majesty sharing a joke with Patsy Hendren when he met the members of the Old England team at the Oval charity cricket match. On the right is Frank Woolley, who scored a brilliant 62. Just behind the King is P. G. H. Fender, the former Surrey captain

TROOPS FIGHT A FOREST FIRE ON THE NORFOLK-SUFFOLK BORDER : An aerial picture showing the flames sweeping through 4,000 acres of thickly-wooded country near Brandon. Twenty-five fire brigades, hundreds of troops, policemen, and members of the public turned out to fight the blaze. The fire, which raged along a front over a mile wide, was fast approaching a series of bomb dumps, and it was only checked in the nick of time. No one knows how the first tree caught fire, but once the blaze had begun, it was fanned by a strong wind

A GIPSY WEDS THE DAUGHTER OF AN INDIAN ARMY OFFICER : Mr. Arthur Smith, a nephew of Gipsy Smith, the evangelist, and Miss Hume Henderson, daughter of Brigadier-General Hume Henderson, seen together after their wedding at Stebbing Essex. The bridegroom at one time lived in a shack on Stebbing Downs. They are camping out for their honeymoon



THE SMITH FAMILY AT THEIR HOME ON STEBBING DOWNS : *Left*—Mrs. Rose Smith, eighty-year-old mother of Gipsy Arthur Smith, seen with one of her other sons outside their caravan, and (*right*) three of Arthur Smith's brothers. The family was disappointed at not receiving invitations to Arthur's wedding to Miss Henderson, but, dressed in their best, they gathered at the church to watch the bride and bridegroom depart

Gipsy Arthur Smith, who has married Miss Helen Hume Henderson, daughter of an Indian Army general, met his bride when helping with the gardening work at the Henderson home, Martin's Hall, Stebbing, and when their honeymoon is over they will both go to live at the Hall. The bride is forty. Her bouquet at the wedding came from a passion-flower plant in the greenhouse at Martin's Hall

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

WHEN MACHIAVELLI MET CÆSAR BORGIA

Somerset Maugham Writes an Historical Novel, and Intrigues the Reader with a Strong Subsidiary Plot

IT is a reviewer's job to tell his readers what a book is about. This is not always as easy as it seems. Consequently, most of them feel compelled to classify and to place labels upon what they are reviewing. Too often the device is the line of least resistance, and more than often it tends to blunt whatever critical facilities the hack possesses. To say that in THEN AND NOW (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) Mr. Somerset Maugham has written an historical novel is to apply the label correctly. It is a book about Machiavelli's first visit to Cæsar Borgia. The story is of Machiavelli's mission on behalf of the Florentine Signory to the newly-created Duke of Valentinois, whose powerful Borgia relative was at that time occupying the throne of St. Peter. The period is Italy of five centuries ago.

The reader may like to be reminded that it was this meeting between Machiavelli and Cæsar Borgia which led the way to the development of Machiavelli's political thought, and that Cæsar Borgia was his model for "The Prince."

It may also be remarked that the deposed dictators of yesterday were assiduous students of "The Prince." Which gives a clue to Mr. Maugham's title *Then and Now*.

The reader should know also that interwoven into the story is a strong subsidiary plot concerning one Piero, secretary and companion to Machiavelli, who proceeds by natural methods to outwit his master in a seduction intrigue. All of which is very human, very amusing and very credible. It is also very daring, and I know of no living novelist who could handle a difficult counterpoise of plot with such delicate and unerring skill.

All of which sums up the fact that Mr. Somerset Maugham has written an historical novel, which is not a kindness on Mr. Maugham's part to those reviewers who like to deal in labels and little else.

The critics don't much like virtuosity, for it baffles them. In this instance it might be disconcerting to find Mr. Maugham writing a medieval Italian story, in tense, sinewy, modern prose. It might be even more disconcerting to find that the atmosphere is all there without recourse to the tricks of atmospherics as practised by historical novelists.

The truth is that Mr. Maugham is a superb master of his craft, and if he writes of men and women, and of what they did and said, it matters not when they said and did it. This is a shorter and, in my opinion, a far better book than *The Razor's Edge*, and I have no hesitation in declaring that it is at the very peak of this great master's achievement.

Three pretty good detective-stories this week, and that, in turn, is a pretty good average. First, ESCAPE TO QUEBEC (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.), a competent example of the new trend in counter-espionage stories. The publishers claim for it that it is a thriller, though I find this description inexact. It is, rather, an adventure story without chills or horror, but with a good deal of manly action, sluggings and rushings to and fro to fill in the lively picture. The hero is discovered escaping from a German prisoner-of-war camp in Canada, where he has been planted to get information about a too-efficient German spy ring operating in that country.

He escapes from the camp with another man, who leads him to a Nazi hiding-place and headquarters among the lakes and forests, and from there he traces the chain of spies until they are rounded up in Quebec during a visit to that city of Mr. Winston Churchill. Indeed, as is generally the case with Mr. Milward Kennedy's novels, the atmosphere and authentic detail make up a great part of the book's attraction, and the "inside stuff" about Quebec conferences is quite entertaining.

A SCHOOLBOY AND HIS BEST-SELLER: Brian Barrington Tatford, a pupil of Whitgift Middle School, Croydon, holding a copy of his book "The Story of British Railways," which he wrote during the Christmas holidays and which has now been published, selling no fewer than 3,000 copies in the first week after its appearance. Brian has been a railway enthusiast since childhood, and lining the walls of his study are pictures of celebrated locomotives past and present

MADAME MERLIN (Macdonald. 8s. 6d.) takes the reader to France, and the years between Dunkirk and D-Day. The principal character is an Englishwoman of beauty and courage, who is married to a Frenchman possessing, it seems at first, neither of these attributes. On the day when the Germans invade their little Normandy town, he attempts to surrender, but is shot in the back by a *gendarme*, who is destined to become the leader of the local resistance movement. This Fernand is the staunch ally of Madame Merlin, whose house and vast cellars form the perfect centre for the sheltering and dispersal of escaped prisoners and Allied airmen shot down in that sector.

Madame Merlin rescues her husband and tends him through the years in one of the vaults, while above, her house is used as a billeting place for German officers. Because the war has produced facts even more incredible than this man's continued safety in such a situation, I hesitate to call it implausible in a piece of fiction, but in reading it seems to be a weakness in Mr. George Beardmore's otherwise good story that four years should be passed like this. On the whole, however, I enjoyed his book, and the intelligence and economy of his style make reading his work a pleasure.

France again, with Mr. John Dickson Carr, but post-war France, with private murder taking the place of wholesale slaughter. HE WHO WHISPERS (Hamish Hamilton. 8s. 6d.) is, in my view, the best of these three since it has a moment or two of genuine excitement and mystery. Vampires are spoken of with proper respect, and there is a murder and a near-murder that don't seem explicable on other grounds than the supernatural. They are, of course, or the whole story would have been a mild form of cheating; but while the solution is pending there are some grisly moments, which, after all, must be one of the chief reasons for which one reads this kind of story.

The whole thing begins with the slightly old-fashioned conception of a murder club, whose distinguished members meet at intervals in a private room above an excellent restaurant, to discuss cases of interest. This particular evening, however, is dislocated more than somewhat, as Mr. Damon Runyon would put it, by a guest who tells all but one of the members that the dinner has been cancelled, and then proceeds to extract from the remaining gentleman the details of a case which closely concerns her. There is another guest, a man whose invitation she had been unable to cancel, and together they hear from the French Professor Rigaud the evidence of an apparently insoluble murder. From then on the story gathers pace, moves to England, and there, between a London slum and a house in the New Forest, pursues its theme of terror.

Recommended for the attention of thriller fans.

MASSACHUSETTS HONEYMOON: Mr. and Mrs. Richard Biou playing gramophone records in their home at Charlestown. Mrs. Biou is the daughter of Lin Yutang, the Chinese writer whose philosophical best-seller "The Importance of Living" has been much publicised in the United States. Mr. Biou is a radio-script writer. During the war he was a naval lieutenant

THE HOME OF MARIE CORELLI IS IN THE NEWS: The ivy-clad house in Stratford-on-Avon, where the celebrated woman novelist spent her last years, is to be used by the British Council as a centre for overseas visitors to the festival seasons of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. Marie Corelli, who was of Scottish and Italian parentage, was born in 1864 and achieved great popularity with a number of novels, including *The Mighty Atom* and *God's Good Man*. Her novels, now very much dated, displayed an easy daring in the treatment of spiritual and social problems

All that most of us know about Henry Ford beyond the facts that he has a good deal to do with the motor-car industry and once initiated a Peace Ship mission to Europe, is that he is reported to have said that history was the bunk. Mr. William Adams Simonds, who has been associated with Mr. Ford for nearly twenty years, has written a biography of HENRY FORD (Michael Joseph. 18s.), which ably fills in the unknown background and presents Mr. Ford in terms of an "Arabian Night's tale of the Michigan farm boy who rose to high esteem without losing his sense of values, his love of Nature, or his faith in God."

Henry Ford is nearly eighty-three, and for more than fifty of those years he has been concerned with motor-engines, from the jeep back to its distant forerunner, about which Ford had said, "What I would like to do is make an engine that will run by petrol, and have it do the work of a horse."

Mr. Ford, your wish came true.

Sir Charles Petrie has written a DIPLOMATIC HISTORY (Hollis and Carter. 18s.) which should be invaluable to those young men who are preparing for the diplomatic service, and of considerable interest to those who want to make a study of international relationships. The book gives an account of these between 1713, when the Treaty of Utrecht was signed, and 1933, when Hitler came into power.

Within this period it is the main threads that have run through diplomatic history that Sir Charles has traced, and he writes that he has chosen 1933 as a final date for two reasons: Hitler's accession marked the end of a whole epoch, and, even if one wished to write of the years between that and the war, the documents would still not be available.

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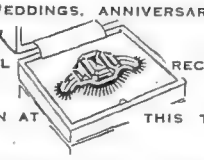
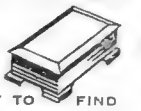
ENGAGEMENTS, WEDDINGS, ANNIVERSARIES, PERSONAL ACHIEVEMENTS THAT CALL FOR SPECIAL  RECOGNITION—MANY THERE ARE WHOSE VISIT TO LONDON AT THIS TIME WILL BE THE OCCASION FOR SUCH PRIVATE REJOICING TO COINCIDE WITH THE VICTORY THEY ARE HERE TO CELEBRATE. THOSE WHO KNEW MAPPIN AND WEBB'S  BEAUTIFUL SHOWROOMS BEFORE THE WAR WILL NOT EXPECT TO FIND NOW THE SAME LAVISH DISPLAY OF LOVELY THINGS. BUT IF YOU ARE SEEKING SOMETHING WORTHY TO MARK SOME VERY SPECIAL EVENT YOU WILL FIND HERE MUCH TO INTEREST YOU. YOU ARE INVITED TO LOOK AROUND AT YOUR LEISURE

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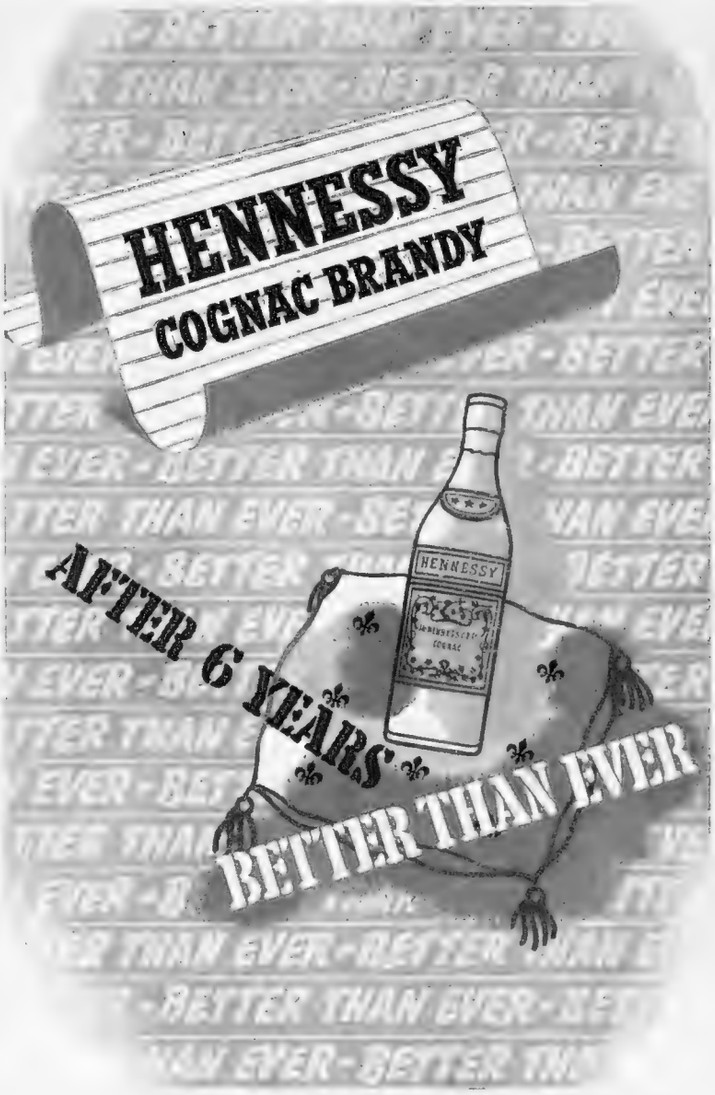

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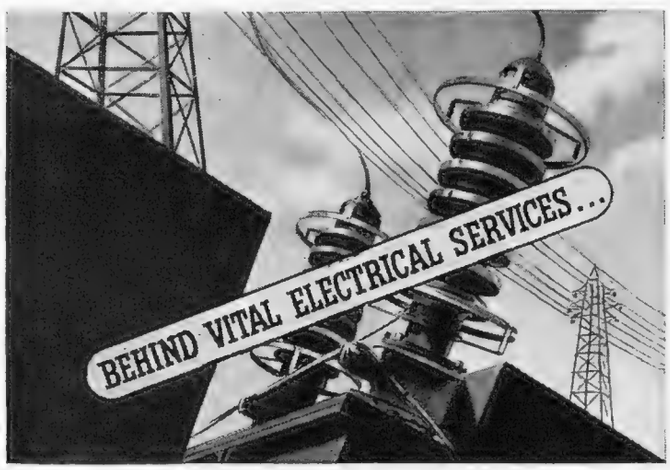

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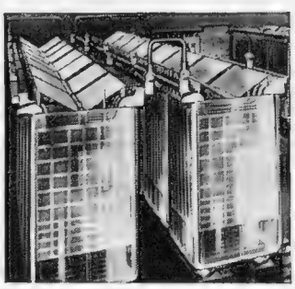

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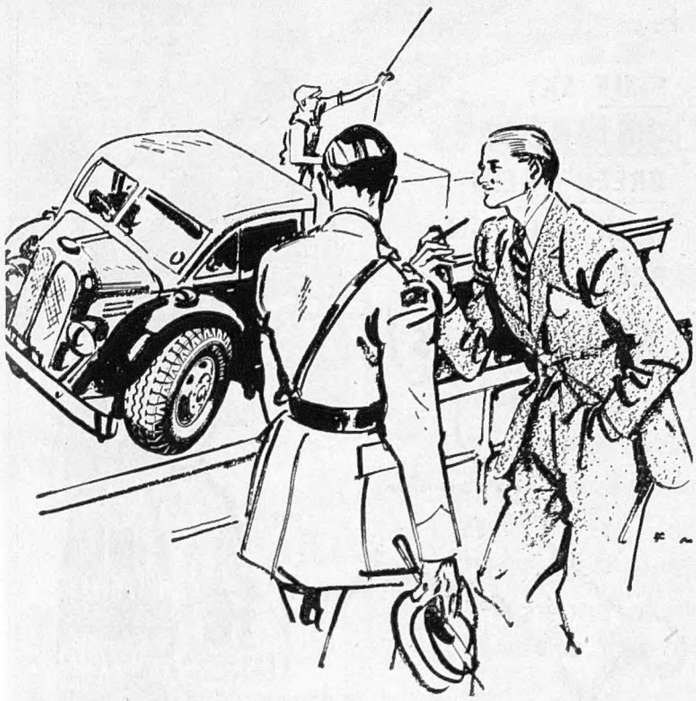

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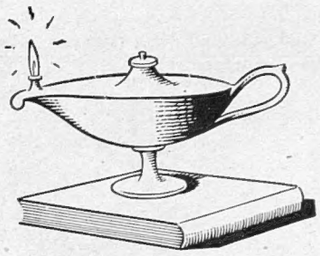

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